EMBER 8—14, 1979

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EVE'S WEEKLY

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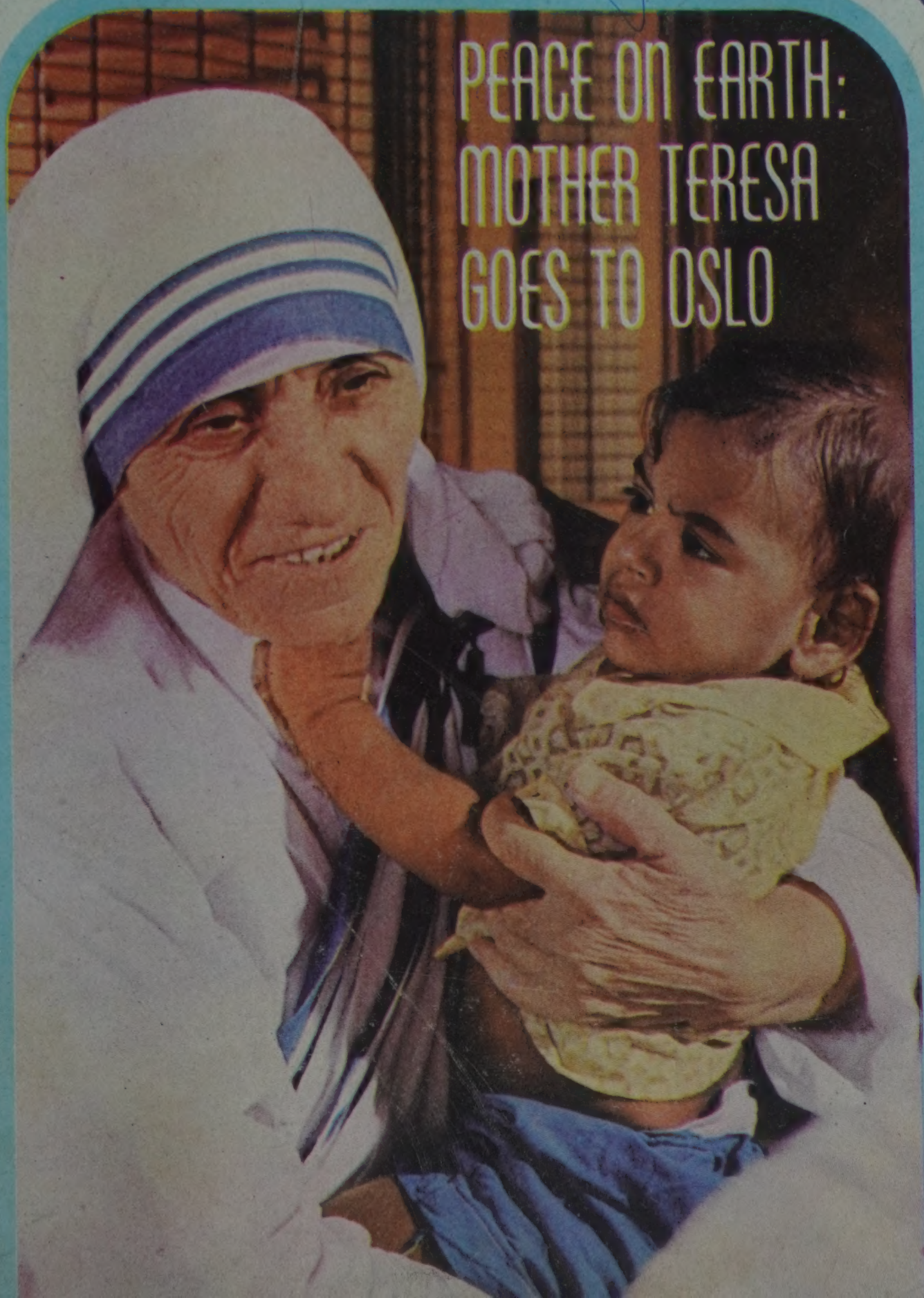

PEACE ON EARTH: MOTHER TERESA GOES TO OSLO

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AN
EX-AIR FOR
MAN'S
FIGHT
FOR LIFE:
A HUMAN
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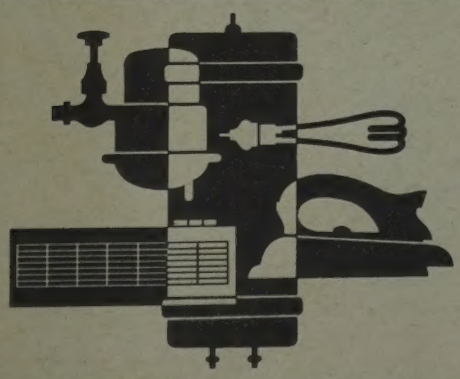

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Groundnut oil	26.0
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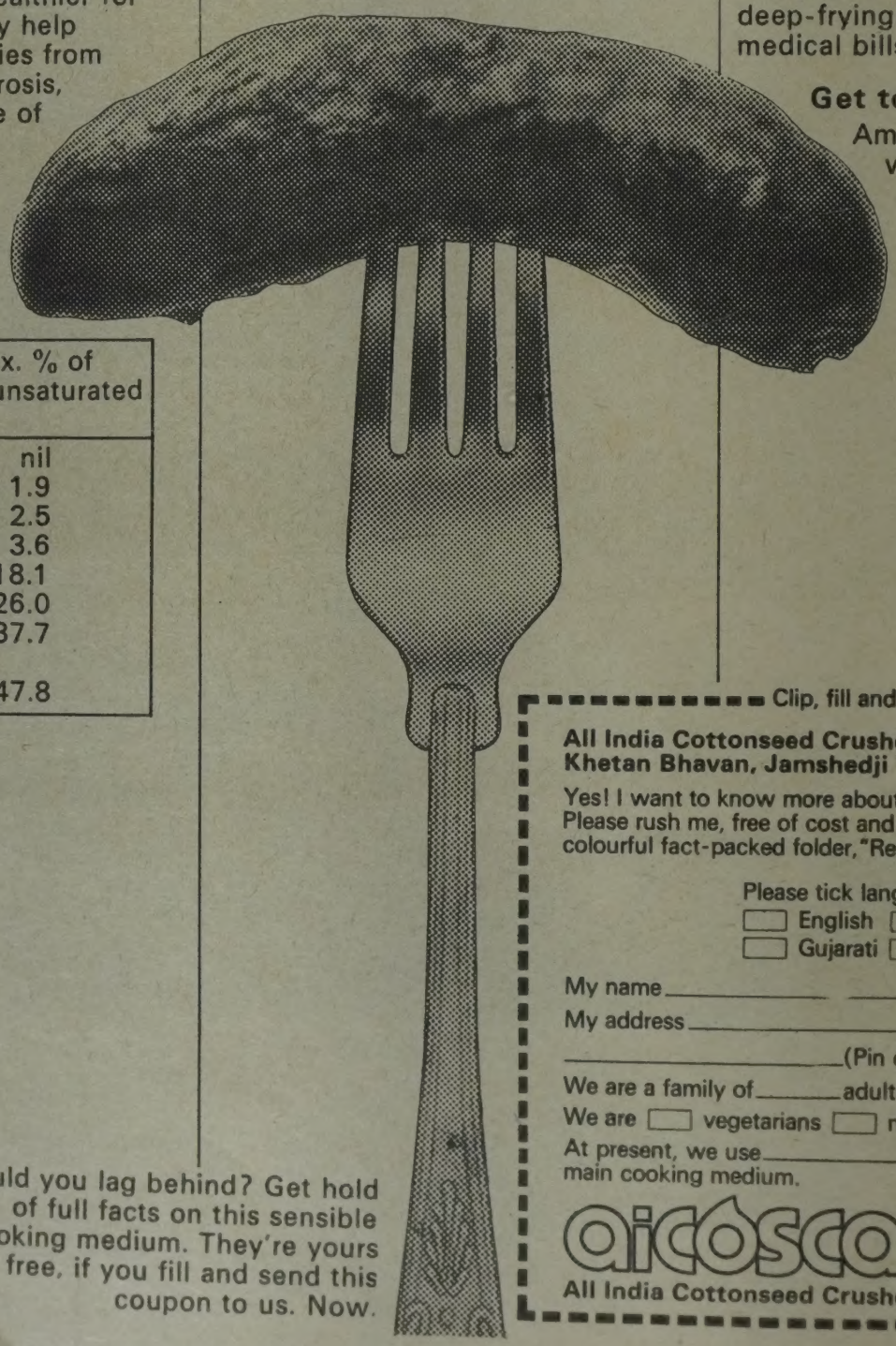

Should you lag behind? Get hold of full facts on this sensible cooking medium. They're yours free, if you fill and send this coupon to us. Now.

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Khetan Bhavan, Jamshedji Tata Road, Bombay 400 020.

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☐ Gujarati ☐ Telugu ☐ Kannada

My name _____

My address _____

_____ (Pin code) _____

We are a family of _____ adults and _____ children.

We are ☐ vegetarians ☐ non-vegetarians.

At present, we use _____ as the main cooking medium.

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All India Cottonseed Crushers' Association EW

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Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIII NO. 49 BOMBAY DECEMBER 8 — 14, 1979

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GULSHAN EWING

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STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

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CORRESPONDENTS

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THIS WEEK

A TRIBUTE TO A REMARKABLE WOMAN

From Mother Teresa, with love — service to the poorest of the poor of the world. To Mother Teresa, with thanks — the Nobel Peace Prize. For the first time in years there has been universal agreement and joy over the awarding of this long-controversial prize. A tribute to the incredible lady.
Page 10.

FOLLOWING IN HER FOOTSTEPS

Over the years the order of the Missionaries of Charity, founded by Mother Teresa, has grown and brings love, concern and active help to the poorest of the poor all over the world. A glimpse of some of the work.
Page 12.

Also : A prayer-poem to Mother Teresa, composed six years ago.
Page 17.

A SPECIAL SHUTTLE

A review of our badminton women viz a viz international players.
Page 19.

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Fate literally clipped his wings. The tragic story of an ex-pilot of the Indian Air Force.
Page 44.

ALSO

Eve Today : Mathuram Bhoothalingam — **Page 23** Win A Wardrobe : Your last chance — **Page 28** Film Interview : Raj Kiran — **Page 39** Beauty Contests : Reports from Calcutta and Delhi — **Page 48.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Comics/**25**, Short Story/**27**, Cookery/**33**, In My Own Write/**37**, Fashion/**42**, Frankly Speaking/**51**, People & Events/**52**, Horoscope/**54**.

spread some goodness

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Kissan

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
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1st PRIZE

MOTHER DEAR MOTHER

I was delighted beyond words when I learned that finally, Mother Teresa had received the coveted Nobel Prize, long due to her — though, of course, no amount of awards and prizes can compensate for the unspeakable service she is rendering to the poor and the sick.

Thousands and thousands of destitute, old, homeless, sick and mentally retarded adults and children would have died on the roads like animals in utter misery if it had not been for Mother Teresa who picked up the dying and tended to them lovingly so that they may die "in love and in peace with God". Her soft warm eyes, her angelic smile and her magical soothing touch do the work of the most expensive medicines for the poor and the love-hungry souls.

Where we shrink in hate and disgust at the very sight of a leper, Mother Teresa nurses them with her own gentle healing hands. A cameraman, while filming a documentary on the Mother said that while taking a close-up of the Mother cleaning a leper he felt nauseated while that angel in human form was engrossed in her work with a tender smile playing upon her lips. She sees God "in the poorest of the poor. God, Who stretches out His arms and says feed Me when I am hungry, clothe Me when I am naked".

When asked in an interview as to how we can thank her for her services to our poor, Mother Teresa replied very humbly; "I cannot do what you are doing and you cannot do what I am doing. But, you can give, give generously till it hurts". Is it asking for too much, then? We can definitely give till it more than hurts. And we, Indians, can bow our heads in deep reverence and gratitude to this personification of God who is giving dignity and love to the neglected and the downtrodden. We can pray for a long, long life for her to carry on this humane work of wiping the tears of the unfortunate.

NEELAM DUTTA, Dehradun

It is a proud moment, one which we can savour all our lives. We have collected the joy, triumph and pride of the nation and poured it into our tribute to Mother Teresa in this issue.

2nd PRIZE

FILMI TEASING

Recently, in Delhi TV's Chitrahar programme, we saw a song sequence from the Hindi film "Khandan". A group of college boys led by college 'student' Jeetendra sings in merriment because the college is declared closed for the coming vacations. But the group-singing enacted on the screen reveals more of crudity than art. They waylay a group of innocent girls on the way, the fattest among the lot hailed. . . "Moti, moti. . ." etc., much to the annoyance of the girls. The gyrating fellows then sort of gherao the girls with their dancing taking uglier forms. This new style in eve teasing continues till the boys bump into a sugarcane seller whose entire stock is soon looted.

Firstly, why has college life to be portrayed on the screen in such a fashion, since none of the indecencies thus put across exist in any of the campuses? When student power can make its presence felt in so many national issues, I wonder why they do not lodge a protest on a point which directly concerns them. It is strange that the members of the Film Censor Board passed such an offensive scene which can only entertain an actual eve-teaser with a sick mind. If nothing more, I would at least like to know the comments of the female member of the Censor Board in regard to this filmic version of eve teasing.

GOURI MUKERJIE, New Delhi

There is no doubt whatsoever that the Hindi film has generated and perpetuated eve-teasing in the most shameful manner. And the less said about the Censor Board, the better. It is only the present generation of filmgoers who will, hopefully, protest against this crude and licentious aspect of our films.

3rd PRIZE

THE MIDDLE MAN

One desire which governs all Indians is to lead a 'respectable' life. Respectability, with all the connotations attached to it, is a very confusing word indeed — and so are the actions of many an Indian. For him, the dilemma of whether to fight for his rights or to forego them and keep his respectability instead, is one of awesome magnitude. The upper crust have enough power to fight for their rights. As for the poor, they have long relinquished them for a day-to-day existence. Enter then, the Great Indian Middle Class who wears his respectability about him with pride, for all to see. Only it is a case of the King without clothes.

He is educated, aware of his dues, vocal about their denial in his own drawing room, but also 'respectable' enough not to let everyone hear — this man of the Indian Middle Class. The budget hits him the hardest, the price line chokes him on the uprise, but he will not utter a whimper of protest, this great stoic.

Which is the most abused class in India? No, not the harijans, not any minority community, but the Middle Class — ironically, the majority. The majority which after thirty years has shaped itself into a mediocre, spineless, disunited class whose political record is so contemptible that no politician even identifies himself with it. Never has it received a single concession, election time or otherwise, only the lashes. The middle class takes it all, only wanting to lead a respectable life. (whatever that may mean).

Democracy, dictatorship, or total anarchy — does this crowd care which?

ROBIN, Mysore

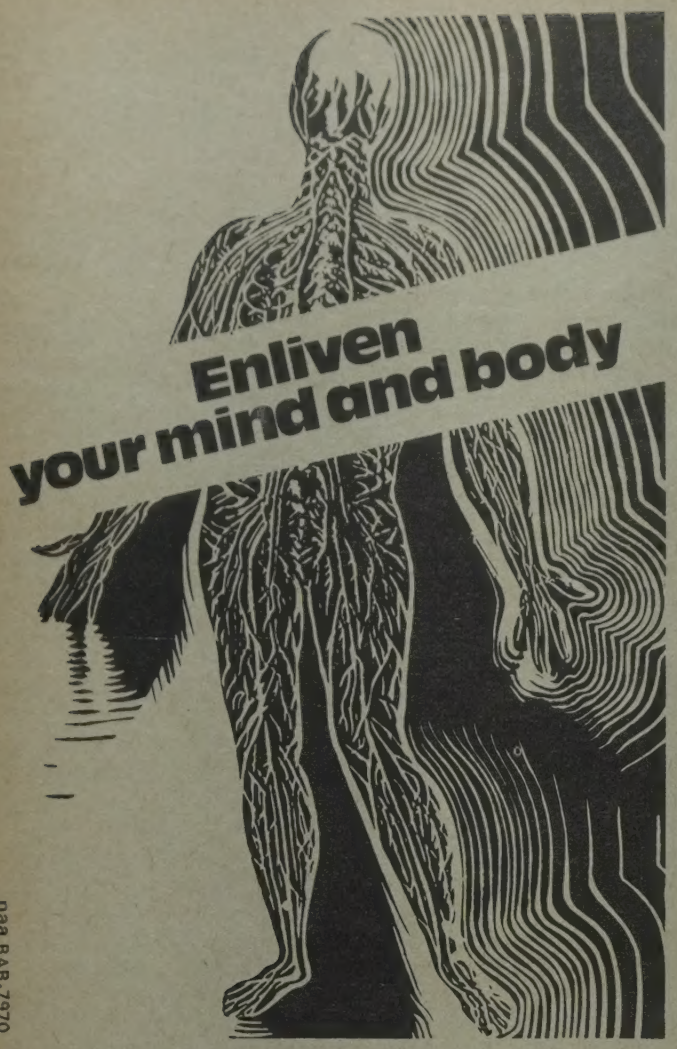
This is the class that is the backbone of the country, whatever you may say. Clinging to respectability is not a crime — after all the rich pretend to have it as their right, even though they have no claims on it. No, you cannot dismiss "the middle man" lightly.

MARRIED BEAUTIES

While applauding your efforts on the front of emancipation of women and bringing a new sort of awareness of their own worth to them, and also uplifting the status of the married woman in India, I would like to draw your attention to the lack of Beauty Contests for married women. After a long and determined battle, our airhostesses have won themselves the right to carry on with their chosen profession after marriage. Why, then, is there still this drawing of lines between the unmarrieds and marrieds regarding Beauty Contests? And this, after all the controversy over the usage of 'Miss' and 'Mrs' and arriving at the neutral term 'Ms' What exactly have we gained if beauty, the heritage of all women, regardless of colour, caste and age, is only conferred as the right of the un-marrieds? Beauty does not end when a girl marries; in fact it is even enhanced. And, again, there are many married women between the ages of 20. 23. Not that there should be an age limit. There are many beautiful women of 30 or more, who could easily put into the shade our youthful 'queens". Let there not be this barrier of age and status and as in all good traditions "Let the best beauty win".

Z. SHROFF, Bombay

We agree, we agree. Of course married women are beautiful — and, of course, they need a contest of their own. We, at Eve's Weekly, hold contests for the un-marrieds, because the winning girl has to participate in the international arena, whose rules preclude married women. But, one day perhaps. . .



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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

LOST INNOCENCE

The story, "The Mantle of George Washington", by Swapna Dutta (October 6) had me roaring with laughter. Aren't all kids similar to Swapna? Do they need any mantle? It is only when they grow up and come in contact with the scheming of adults and the prevalent untruths that they lose their innocence. I remember how I used to embarrass my mother and later my husband before I became "chaalu"! I now realise that a bit of false vanity and show are necessities in today's society.

PADMA MENON, New Delhi.

MALIGNING WOMEN

In the piece, "A bachelor is a boy forever" (Hiya Honey, October 6), the Alves called Johnnie has, in my opinion, done injustice towards girls. The article totally blames girls: what about the bachelor, who is a boy forever?

DEEPIKA MASHRU, Nallasoparu.

PURE RHETORIC?

Everything is well said in the excerpts from the book, "Her Gold and Her Body" (October 13 — October 27). But who do you think reads it? Only the educated, already well-informed, elite section of the population who can do nothing but nod their heads in approval. Dowry connected suicides and murders occur in families who will never read anything worthwhile. Of what use are these writings? It may help a few brainy people as recreation. That's all it can do.

SUYAYENENA.

OPENING EYES

The pathetic and heart-rending excerpts from "Her Gold and Her Body" by Jamila Verghese (October 13 — October 27) were just what were necessary for the present time when news about the burning of brides is being talked about. The example of the kite in the second excerpt was very appropriate for the whole of it. It seems the bride is a part of the dowry demanded by the greedy father-in-law and his family; no wonder they treat them the way they do. People should learn to make ties and relationships with other people and not with dowry.

I hope this article of yours opens the eyes and massages the brains of the brutal murderers and others also who are thinking of following in the same path. I further hope that this feature of yours ameliorates the situation of future brides.

KRISHNA BAJORIA, Cuttack.

POWER-HUNGRY VULTURES

I totally agree with Anna Joseph's views in her article "Of Political Clowns and Lusty Zindabads". It is true that apart from mere meaningless promises we get little else. These political pot-bellies are simply a bunch of clowns trying to hoodwink the general public with their foolish acts. It seems democracy has gone to the dogs. Just for an example — during the recent assembly elections in Sikkim when one party, though unrecognised, got a clear majority to form the Government, another well-recognised and established party was so shameless as to request the Governor to treat the election as void and disqualify the elected candidates. One wonders what sort of democracy our beloved politicians have in mind to deny public opinion and verdict. These political big brasses are nothing but a punch of power-hungry vultures, whose prime interest is to suck and drain the national economy.

U. K. PILLAI, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

DECEMBER 15, 1979

A CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

* **A menu for your Christmas party — you can start planning now!**
* **Glamorous outfits for Christmas Eve do's**
* **A Christmas story for children**
* **Memories of Christmas**
* **A dialogue between Christians and non-Christians on the image of Indian Christians today**
* **Was Christ a liberated man? What were his attitudes to women? Did his disciples continue his tradition?**

PLUS

PILGRIMAGE TO AMARNATH

An account of the difficult trek up.

And all our regular features.

THE NOMINATION OF MOTHER TERESA FOR THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE SHOWS THE WORLD'S RECOGNITION OF THE COURAGE OF A SINGLE WOMAN WHOSE ONLY AID WAS AN IMMENSE FAITH IN GOD AND THE WILL TO SERVE HIS CHILDREN

with thanks, to MOTHER TERESA

Shakuntala Balu

Never before has there been such genuine joy and universal appreciation for the award of the Nobel Peace Prize since its institution in 1901. "A good woman can conquer a city," said Francis de Sales, but Mother Teresa has conquered the hearts of the world by her work among the poorest of the poor.

The nomination of Mother Teresa for the Peace Prize shows the world's recognition of the courage of a single, frail woman who, armed with immense faith in God and the iron will to serve the people has brought abundant joy and relief to the poorest of the poor, the sick, the dying, the destitute, the orphaned, the unwanted and the neglected.

Mother Teresa's service is person-to-person. It is not service for the sake of service but work done for Jesus. The peace Mother Teresa has wrought is therefore not peace as opposed to war, but the inner peace belonging to the higher realm of the spirit. It is the peace that stems from her love for Jesus — the Jesus she sees in every one, even in the most destitute and diseased.

Mother Teresa's service may not seem so massive in statistical terms compared to the social work done by Government and other agencies, but hers is a service that goes beyond mere numbers. As Mother Teresa often says, "My work is like a drop of water in the ocean, but every drop is important."

When I met her, Mother talked with deep feeling about the necessity for showing love to the poor and accepting them wholeheartedly. "Why can't we spoil the poor for a change? The rich are always spoilt!" she said, and added, "I want to give to the poor what the rich get with their money."

team of people to work with her. Thus was born the Missionaries of Charity: a group of sisters in coarse white saris with blue borders, besides brothers of charity. This new order of missionaries she founded has grown into a world order numbering 2000 nuns, 250 brothers and thousands of co-workers. in about 30 countries of the world. All the missionaries have taken the vow of poverty and the vow to serve the poor.

"You do not know the freedom poverty gives!" said Mother Teresa when I asked her about what the sisters are allowed to possess. "The sisters have so few possessions and clothing that they can get ready to go anywhere in minutes. They are so free, so free from attachments and possessions," smiled Mother, and pointed out that the sisters, "like the poor they serve are also very rich in human love and understanding. . . The last time when I was in America, I came across so many rich people who were miserable, suffering from the poverty of loneliness."

we serve the poor," is her constant refrain through word and example.

"We can only do it for Christ. We can only serve God, not human beings. He is our master," says Sister Agnes, Mother Teresa's first disciple to join the Missionaries of Charity.

"How did you launch these projects so confidently? Don't you worry about money?" I asked Mother.

"He always gives!" said Mother with supreme confidence and added, "What is important is complete surrender to, and faith in, Jesus. Once you have that, He does the rest. It is He who has made us go and serve his people. It is He who has given us this calling."

Her faith and surrender are total. Her face shines with a strange luminosity when she talks of Jesus: "I love to pray. . . I am most happy, when I can be with Jesus."

"Don't you feel any revulsion when you touch and lift people

That was the reason she left the cloistered comfort of the Loreto School of Entally in Calcutta, with its spacious buildings, manicured lawns and smartly clad children. and went to the Moti Jheel Bustee to start her school and teach the underprivileged children of the slum.

Besides her firm faith, Mother had just five rupees in her hand when she left the convent, with permission from the church, to work among the poorest of the poor. She knew instinctively that to be effective she had to be one of the poor. So she decided to be poor to fully identify herself with them.

Mother Teresa faced so much poverty and suffering that she soon realised the need for a

I asked her, "You work in so many countries and have sent your missionaries to so many new places. How about the language used for communication?"

Mother gave a beaming smile as she said, "Why worry, when we can smile? This language of smiles can take you very far with people, who recognise genuine smiles and the real concern we have for them through our smiles. The rest is easy!"

For Mother, "everything is easy when the heart is sincere." That is why she takes immense pains to train her missionary sisters in values that are indispensable to carry out her work in the places they are stationed. "We do it for Jesus. . . we serve Jesus when

from the gutters and the streets? They are so dirty and often so far gone with disease," I asked.

"I do it for Jesus! Every person I see lying on the street is Jesus to me. Will I turn away if Jesus were like that on the street? Never! To me each poor, each sick person is Jesus personified. Jesus has given them all to me so that I can serve Him through them."

Did Mother have any memorable incidents in her long years of service in the cause of the poor?

"Oh yes, so many! I will tell you about an incident that stands out in my memory. . . A dying man was brought to the Nirmal Hriday, our Home for the Dying near the Kalighat Temple in Calcutta. He was indeed bad and his entire back was crawling with worms and maggots. I cleaned him up myself, because I knew it would be too much for the young sisters. The stench was appalling! It took hours to get rid of the worms and the filth and dress him with bandages and clean clothes. Finally, when he was comfortable on a clean bed, he opened his eyes and gave me a smile. What a lovely smile that was! Then he passed away, happy in the thought that some one had cared and he had not been left alone to die on the streets. He died making his peace with God. He died of course, but that is what is expected in the Home for the Dying. But to me he gave that beautiful smile! That is enough to make me carry on. He made his peace with God at the end. That was indeed something beautiful for God!"

Mother Teresa gave yet another instance which had touched her deeply. A young boy in Calcutta came to her and gave her some money. "This is my birthday party money. Take it Mother for your children. I don't want any party," said the boy and Mother was moved to tears at the little boy's sacrifice.

"Children are all like that!. . . They do not mind sacrifice. They do not mind sharing. Adults should encourage this trait so that when they grow up they will always love to give and not grab, so that they become selfless people. People should give and give till it hurts. That is sacrifice, that is love. . . love for God!"

Mother is emphatic in her view that "home is the haven of peace, the very foundation for human happiness is laid in the home. Every woman should realise this and try to make the home a place of peace and joy. If every home is peaceful, the neighbourhood will be peaceful and soon all the world will become peaceful. Much therefore lies in woman's hands to ensure world peace, for a loving home is the best foundation for world peace."

She also wants women to avoid legalised abortion. "Every child is carved by the hands of God and it is murder to destroy human life. . . In this IYC, let us all make a resolve to love all children — both born and un-

Continued on page 47.

Photographs by : R. J. Chinwal'a

WHOLE-HEARTED SERVICE TO

THEY WORK IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, WITH THE DYING AND THE DESTITUTE, WITH DRUG ADDICTS AND ALCOHOLICS, GIVING THEM LOVE, FOOD AND SHELTER AND A SENSE OF HUMAN DIGNITY AND BELONGING

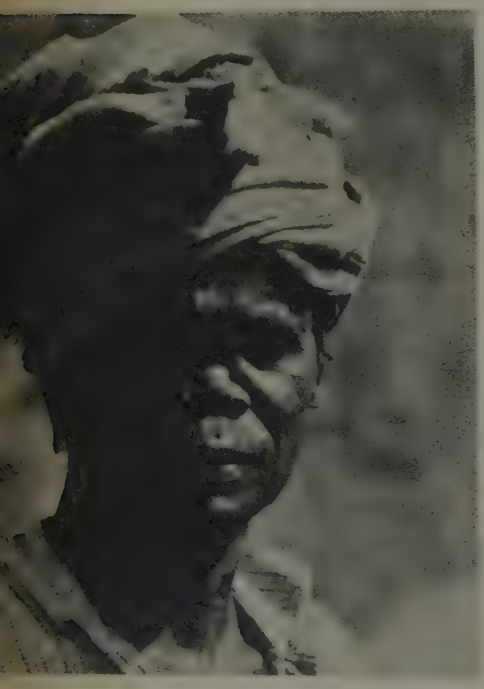
Kanta Talukdar

He stood with tears in his eyes and a baby in his arms. One of Calcutta's 300,000 pavement dwellers, his wife had died two months after child birth. There was nothing he could give this baby with the shrivelled and wrinkled face of an 80-year-old man. "Will you take in the baby until better times come?" The malnutrition centre at Shishu Bhavan found place for yet another child.

She was found on the streets of Mexico City. God knows how many days she had been there or how she got there. But now she no longer had that desperate look. A girl of 20 years now with long black hair and eyes so bright and shining. Still very thin. Still looking very sad. But somehow she felt she had begun to belong once more.

RIGHT: A helping hand for a child at Shishu Bhavan, a rehabilitation centre for crippled, forsaken and undernourished children.

Care and treatment for the sick — like this man stricken with leprosy — who have nowhere else to go.



His face had a hunted, haunted look. One of his eyelids had dropped. To open it he would use the remaining three fingers left to him. Angry red ulcers glared from his feet. Suffering from leprosy, he had been hounded from his village, his hearth and home, his family. But here, in Addis Ababa, in the leprosium called Gift of Love, he had found acceptance. The sisters, a miracle he thought, were willing to talk to him, minister to him and even touch him.

These three incidents are but daily happenings for Mother Teresa and the Missionaries of Charity in all corners of the globe. They seek the poorest and the outcasts of society and extend to them food, love, shelter, clothing and, most of all, try to revive in them a sense of human dignity and belonging.

Their work is concentrated on helping the "poorest of the poor," described in their constitution as "the hungry, the thirsty, the naked, the homeless, the ignorant, the captives, the crippled, the leprosy sufferers, the alcoholics, the dying destitutes, the unloved, the abandoned, the outcasts, all those who are a burden to human society, who have lost all hope and faith in life, and, every Missionary of Charity."

For, the Missionaries of Charity believe in identifying with the poor, firmly believing that unless one is himself or herself poor one cannot really understand the problems of the poor. "Unless you are poor yourself you cannot really understand them. Which is why we have taken the vow of poverty," said a Sister. So each Missionary of Charity owns two sarees and the bucket in which she washes them. Nothing more.

Their definition of the poor opens the arms and hearts of every Missionary of Charity not only to those who are materially deprived but also those who are spiritually poor and to those who are denied human love and sympathy.

THE VOWS

They promise:

"To feed the hungry: Not only food but also the word of God.

"To give drink to the thirsty: Not only for water, but for peace, truth and justice.

"To clothe the naked: not only with clothes but also with human dignity.

"To give shelter to the homeless: not only a shelter made of bricks but a heart that understands, that covers, that loves.

"To nurse the sick and dying: not only of the body but also of the mind and spirit."

THE POOREST OF THE POOR

As Mother Teresa put it, "There is so much suffering. Not only among those materially deprived, but also in rich homes. Loneliness causes great suffering. Those who live and die alone long for the touch of human love."

Fully aware of the vastness and difficulties of achieving the objective they have set, the sisters take a vow of Whole Hearted Service to the Poorest of the Poor. Hence they vow to give and love "until it hurts." (See Box.)

It is with these aims enshrined in their hearts and minds that Mother and her 1036 professed sisters go out into the world. They have 133 foundations, 98 schools, 48 homes for abandoned children, 425 general dispensaries, 102 leprosy clinics and 62 homes for the dying destitutes in India and abroad.

They are not easily daunted as excerpts from a letter written by Sister Christopher, working in Papua, New Guinea, shows :

"In this area there are 72 languages. Each village has 3-4 languages but in spite of this I have started learning two languages together. It is confusing and I get all mixed up but . . ."

In New Guinea the sisters work among the aborigines. These people were cut off from the mainstream of development and are finding it difficult to adjust and live in the new pace and style of life. A large number of them live in groups. The sisters teach them natural family planning methods, apart from hygiene and sewing.

Often their work is difficult and dangerous yet it is amazing how love finds a way. In Sydney, Australia, for instance, the sisters work among alcoholics and drug addicts, people who are unafraid of the police but who are contrite and easily manageable when confronted by the sisters.

Strange as it may seem, in some areas of the world their work is strikingly similar to that in Calcutta, where they first started. By now their Nirmal Hriday, founded in 1952, which is the home for the dying and destitute in Kalighat, is well known. What is less known however is how the occupants themselves view it. There is nothing homogeneous about them excepting that they were at death's threshold when they were picked up from the street, the pavement and even the gutter. These cases range from 17 — 80 years. The death rate is as high as 50 per cent. What is a revelation is

Continued on page 41

With a smile. . .Ready to cross into the Railway Lines to start the day's work.

Medical relief goes on ceaselessly at one of the Centres.

LEFT: Children learn to help themselves at the Shishu Bhavan, Calcutta.

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that mothers trust

Announcing
INDUSTRIAL TIMES

DECEMBER 17, 1979

SHOULD BUSINESSMEN ENTER POLITICS?

Recent political developments
have initiated a debate on whether politics should be the preserve of
politicians or whether professionals,
academicians and businessmen
should not have a more active say in the functioning of the body politic.

Would the entry
of businessmen remove the bias against the business community and bring greater
credibility to matters bearing on industrial issues? Would it
create a better psychology for economic growth?
Would it make an impact on
industrial relations which is now ridden with
all the evils of political intervention?

An investigation
into the pros and cons of the issue is sought to be projected, through interviews
with, among others,

Hari Shankar Singhania, President, FICCI

Viren Shah

Brahm Vasudeva

N. K. Somani,

Nana Chudasama

Minoo Masani

F. T. Khorakiwala

FAREWELL TO PUBLIC SECTOR AUTONOMY

By Our Special Correspondent

Having won the first round of the battle for supremacy over the public sector.
the public sector.
the Chief Executive is rendered incapable
of taking any decision
on his own. Is it too late to retrieve lost ground?

APING—EXECUTIVE STYLE

By M. S. Ranade,
Manager, Purchase,
Ruston & Hornsby (India) Ltd.

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INDUSTRIAL TIMES

A Prayer for Mother Teresa

Mother,
With the pollen of the sunflower of your love
Place a golden tilak
On the foreheads of the following
Premised for your convenience:

One —
The lady in the see-through voile.
She sails in a sea of brunches and elevenses,
Sidling into port for snacks and triscuits.
Her eyes are bright and dainty Parlé biscuits
Circled with mayonnaise.
She crunches at carrots with vegetarian valour.
She floats in a flurry of light blue,
Her favourite colour,
Such a soothing colour for nerves,
Such azure fragrance,
Such an overpowering presence of empyrean supremacy.
From her satin milk-white petticoat
Silk-embroidered stars
Shiver and fall
Wherever she goes.

Such music!

"The hand of God willed it.
Who am I to complain?
But he was only six, and since then ...
Oh you should have seen him!
The sweetest thing, always eating, eating, eating,
And teasing, teasing, teasing,
As if he was chubby little Nandagopal himself.
Since then ..."

Mother of Calcutta
Ma Teresa
Lady of compassion

Since then.

Wash them in Dettol
Cleanse them of hurt these words
Since then
Lay them on a stretcher
Fill blood in them these words
Since then
Pray for them Mother
Pray they walk straight these words
Since then
In the valley of our sorrow
In the city of Calcutta

By P. Lal

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adEnvoys

WOMEN IN SPORT

Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

INDIAN SHUTTLERS: it's time for a renaissance

Text and Photographs by : **Shirish Nadkarni**

Karen Bridge (England) — good tactician.

RIGHT: Paula Kilvington (England) — an awkward style.

EXT. RIGHT: Tjan So Gwan (Indonesia) — tireless retriever.

Even to the casual spectator of badminton at the C.C.I. International Championships, it became apparent that our Indian women shuttlers still have a long way to go before they can hope to challenge the might of countries like Japan, Indonesia and the European nations. The game has progressed in the sixties and seventies from the slower stroke-oriented style to one which combines speed and power and which tests physical fitness to the utmost.

The current series of internationals, played at five venues (Modinagar, Lucknow, Bombay, Hyderabad and Calcutta) have turned into a three-cornered contest between the host nation, Indonesia and England, as far as the female participation is concerned. It is pertinent to note here that not even one of the players who reached the last-eight stage in the All-England Championships in March 1979, made the trip to India. And if the girls who did come impressed us all so much, what must be the standard of the top players like **Lene Koppen** of Denmark; **Gillian Gilks, Nora Perry and Sue Whetnall** of England; **Hiroe Yuki, Saori Kondo** and **Atsuko Tokuda** of Japan; **Sylvia Ng** of Malaysia; **Joke van Beusekom** of Holland; and **Verawaty** of Indonesia!

India has often been used as a training or proving ground for promising youngsters of other countries. This is so in tennis as well — last year's winner of the Indian Grand Prix, **Yannick Noah** of France was an unknown name until he won the Indian title, and then his ranking in the Association of Tennis Professionals list improved by leaps and bounds. **Sumirat** of Indonesia was a totally raw youngster when he first came to this country in 1972, and impressed badminton critics with his speed.

The same can be said of the badminton internationals just concluded. England did not send their top players. **Karen Bridge** and **Paula Kilvington** are not ranked among the top three in their country. **Verawaty,** the tall Indonesian champion, won the Danish Open Championships recently, and was rested for the 'Indian leg' of the season. Indonesia sent the tremendously promising Nos. 2 and 3, **Ing Hoa Ivana** and **Tjan So Gwan** to take care of the Indian challenge. No other country participated.

But what superb players these two Indonesian girls have turned out to be! The diminutive Ivana, winner of the recent South-East Asian Games in Jakarta, when she scored her first victory over Verawaty, is one of the most complete players in the game today. The nineteen year old barely clears 5' 2", but her lack of height is by no means a disadvantage to her. In fact, she capitalises on her lack of inches in the duels of parallel hitting in which she is capable of engaging her opponent. Since the shuttle comes to her at eye level, her racket is at shoulder level, to turn a return of smash into a counter-offensive stroke instead of the defensive stroke at waist-level that it would become in the case of taller players.

Ivana's strokeplay is cultured and delicate. She uses all the finer nuances of court-craft and deception to send a rival the wrong way. That is the most pleasing aspect of her

play in a day and age when the concentration is on sheer hard-hitting and speed. Her control over the drop shot was exemplary, from both flanks. And she packed a tremendous wallop when the opportunity presented itself. A quick leap into the air to gain that extra bit of height, and the bird was banged down with quite a steep angle generated by one so short!

Her compatriot **Tjan So Gwan** is a taller girl, whose forte is retrieving. She mostly lets her opponent make all the strokes, and herself concentrates on getting the shuttle back — even from impossible angles. And she can also hit a good smash when the going is good. Her weakness is her stamina, which, for an Indonesian, is relatively poor. Ivana, whose own lasting powers are substantial, exploited this weakness to the full, to simply run away with the second and third games, after she was pipped at the post in the first.

It was Tjan's retrieving prowess that proved to be the undoing of four-times Indian national champion **Ami Ghia.** In the absence

of the reigning national champ, **Kanwal Thakur Singh,** the mantle of the country had fallen on Ami's frail shoulders, and much was expected of her. Excellence of courtcraft and deception of stroke have been Ami's twin assets over the years. But the lack of a good smash and indifferent staying powers have been her nemesis. Ami matched Gwan stroke for stroke, making the Indonesian girl run all over the court. But she just could not cut short the rally; and as the match progressed, it became apparent that she was not going to last the distance. After Gwan had bagged the first game narrowly, it became relatively smooth sailing for her as the Indian's breath ran out.

Novianti, the third Indonesian player, was obviously raw, and was brought here for

Ing Ivana (Indonesia) — well above the rest.

LEFT: Ameeta Kulkarni (India) — most promising junior.

the express purpose of gaining experience. She had beaten at Lucknow, the most promising junior we have, **Ameeta Kulkarni,** for the loss of just four points in two games. At Bombay, the two ran into each other again. And this time, Ameeta was a different proposition. Playing in front of her home crowds gave the Bombay girl confidence, and she hit strongly on both flanks to completely unsettle the rhythm of Novianti's strokeplay. Ameeta could well have won in two straight games, but for an attack of nerves at the closing stages of the second game, which she had practically sewn up

But the Indian girl had absolutely no answer to Ivana's brilliance in the semi-finals. The match was over at 11-0, 11-3 in a matter of minutes, and the players were not even breathing hard when they came off the court, such was Ivana's total dominance! The difference between the class of the two girls was apparent in the way they caught the shuttle — Ameeta was forever at the receiving end, having to hurry her shots to keep the shuttle in play, while Ivana had complete control over each rally, and anticipated the point of return of the shuttle.

One must confess a certain disappointment at the class displayed by the two English girls. **Karen Bridge,** the taller of the two, was the better tactician and used her height effectively for good court coverage. But she had an awkward service style; and her mobility, in comparison with Gwan, her semi-final opponent, was less than that needed against the nimble-footed Indonesian. Karen was beaten in two straight games, but both games went the full distance; and the English girl literally let Gwan off the hook after taking comfortabe leads in both games.

Paula Kilvington, by international standards, is little better than a district-level player. She could hold her own against the slower, nervous **Hufrish Nariman;** she would also fare well against most of the Indian girls. But she would be crushed at the international level. Ivana showed the limitations in Paula's awkward style by giving the Englishwoman a sound thrashing. Paula's grip on the racket itself is a wrong one — she would no doubt improve if she changed to the conventional grip style.

Of the other Indian girls on display, juniors **Madhumita Goswami** and **Radhika Bose** played as well as they were allowed to. Madhumita ran up against Ami, and could not do much, while Radhika, after scoring a well-merited win over Indian Uber Cup player Sujata Jain, was too over-awed by the big occasion, and succumbed to the stronger English girl, Karen Bridge, without a fight.

The way doubles should be played was demonstrated by Ivana and Gwan. One runs out of superlatives to describe their tremendous understanding of the partner's movements, and their tireless retrieving when their rivals were on the attack. Gwan at the net was a terror, tapping service with gusto. Ivana invariably controlled the game from the back with her neat drops and her power-packed smashes. Any weak return was promptly killed by the ever-ready Gwan at the net. The measure of their dominance can be gauged by the scores of their final against Karen and Paula, 15-4, 15-5; the match was over in just over twenty minutes.

None of the Indian combinations impressed. Juniors Radhika and Ameeta are both essentially singles players, and have little idea of the nuances of doubles play. Ami Ghia and **Maureen Mathias-D'Souza** would have been worth watching against Paula and Karen, but Maureen reported unfit, and the match was not played.

With the Uber Cup matches coming up this year, the internationals will have been excellent practice for our women. The encouraging thing about our badminton today is that a trio of juniors is coming up at a goodly speed, and can be expected to serve the country well in the early-eighties. Ameeta, Radhika and Madhumita, with their bubbling youth will be the ideal foil for the more experienced Ami, Maureen and Kanwal Thakur Singh in the international arena. Let us hope that we can reverse the results of our last two Uber Cup ventures — 7-0 and 6-1 whitewashes at the hands of Malaysia. It is time for a renaissance in Indian women's badminton; time for a hark-back to the days of **Mumtaz Lotwalla, Sushila Kapadia, Prem Prashar,** when our women could hold their own in Uber Cup team matches.

"Our painter recommended Dulux to us. Now I recommend him to our friends."

Bulu Guha

A one-time behaviour therapist in Canada and a teacher in New Delhi, Bulu today is a busy newspaper P. R. executive in Calcutta, but one who still finds time to be a dedicated housewife. With a charming home that's all her own creation—down to the specific shade of blue on her bedroom walls. Colour is important to her, so she studied the shade cards carefully, picked out her colour schemes—and left the rest to the painter. His choice was Dulux—and she was delighted with the result. Here's the story in her own words.

"My drawing room is on the small side, so I chose Dulux 'Buttermilk' to create an impression of space".

Q. What paint did you have in mind ?

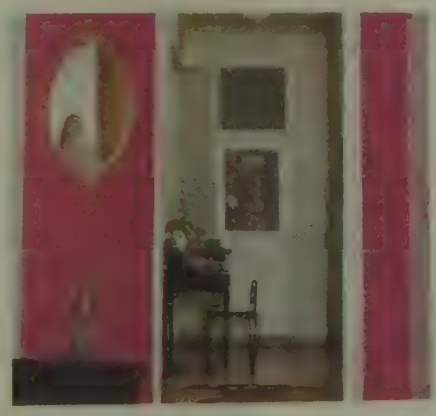
A. I didn't know much about Dulux or any other paint. So I decided on the colours and left it to my painter to select the paint.

He's the one who recommended Dulux—and judging by the results, I'm glad he did !

Q. So you left the expensive decision to your painter ?

A. Yes. He'd painted some of our friends' houses, and we liked his work. After all we were 'new' to Calcutta—and, as they say, seeing is believing.

"Porcelain blue provides the balance in our bedroom. Because blue is a cool colour and we live in a warm city."



"I wanted a bold colour to arrest the length of this long and narrow passage—so bright pink was my choice"

Q. Are you satisfied with the result ?

A. Definitely. With Dulux's wide range I had all the choice of colours I wanted. And the walls and doors look as good today as they did 2½ years ago, when we first had them painted. In Calcutta's humid climate, I think that's pretty good !

Q. Would you use Dulux again ?

A. Would I ? Of course. And if we're still in Calcutta when it's time to repaint our house, we'll use the services of our painter again. In fact, right now he's doing a friend's flat—one I recommended him to, I'm proud to say.

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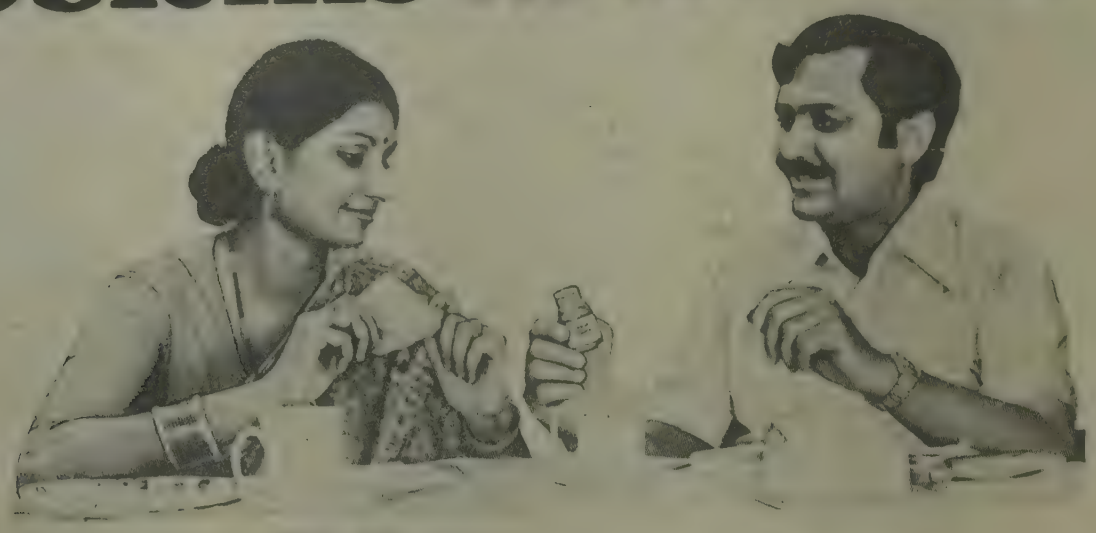

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EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

VALMIKI AND FREUD: STRANGE BEDFELLOWS?

V. R. Krishnan

For ages, the Ramayana has been read with reverence, and even recited daily by many as prayer to invoke the blessings of Rama to help one lead a truthful and just life. It will therefore come as a surprise — a shock even — to the traditionalists to be told now that "in truth, it is man who has conceived of an image, imbued it with ideal attributes, but that below the surface the spirit of Rama can be discerned as man's true inner ego guidance. And each demon-hero conflict in the story is the outcome of the ego's struggle to strike a balance between the inner and outer conflicts."

The surprise becomes all the greater because the bold new theory is propounded by a quiet housewife, Mathuram Bhoothalingam. Long before the Women's Lib era, Mathuram had acquired a reputation as author with the pen-name of Krithika. Nothing in her ancestry or upbringing foretold this. Her father, Mr. K. S. Aiyar, was the pioneer who founded Commerce education at the Sydenham College, Bombay, and later the Chartered Accountant training in India.

Mathuram was married at the traditional young age even before completion of higher secondary education. But marriage to a young ICS provided the necessary facilities to blossom as a thinker and writer. To keep herself occupied (as she puts it) while her husband was away on tours of the districts where he was initially posted, Mathuram mastered English, Tamil and Sanskrit, immersed herself in history, biography, anthropology, the Vedas, Upanishads, and the epic, Ramayana, of both Valmiki and Kamban.

All this was preparation for her first book published 26 years ago in 1953 — a satire in Tamil intriguingly titled "Puhai Naduvil" (Amid Smoke). It is a tragi-comedy of officials having to go through the motions of social obligations to please the whims and fancies of their wives! It won critical acclaim, and established her as a popular author.

Since then, books have flowed from her versatile pen thick as autumn leaves. Indicative of her diverse talents are her books one on temple art, "Movements in Stone", "Ramayana for Children", and one on the Mahabharatha ("Sons of Pandu") in which she has portrayed the godly characters in simple human terms easy for the child to comprehend. And now, to celebrate her 25th year as author, a tradition-breaking literary venture.

"For the past few years I have been deeply interested in symbolism and psychology," says Mathuram. "The Ramayana lends itself to this symbolism because I see the Ramayana as the Odyssey where Ulysses goes on a voyage of discovery and meets with a great number of adventures."

MATHURAM BHOOTHALINGAM

More than Freud, post-Freudian thoughts influenced Mathuram very much, she acknowledges. Of the many exponents of such thoughts, she was particularly impressed by Carl Jung, the Swiss protege of the Father of Psychiatry, and much more by Abraham Maslow, the American whose speciality is the inner growth of man.

Relating this influence to her ultramodern psychiatric voyage through the ancient Ramayana, Mathuram says: "In the language of modern psychology, the ego broadly means the total mental functioning of any individual, intellectual as well as emotional, as also the individual's unique pattern which is generally known as personality or character. Hence the ego functions as the medium between a person's inner needs and his contacts with the outer world of life.

"In short, it serves as an instrument of living. If it functions well, it helps to realize inner potentialities for the highest good. An effective ego will guide a man's experience within himself.

"I conceive of Rama as symbolic of this ego," Mathuram explains. "I view the story from that point of view so that each of the struggles that Rama faces is a mental struggle, which his ego, being strong and balanced, helps him to overcome. Each instance in the story I discuss and interpret on the basis of this, with quotations from the Valmiki Ramayana, which I have read several times in Sanskrit."

The characters of myths and legends are projections rising out of the collective unconscious of the human race. Whether god or demon, these mirror man's conflicting urges which are resolved in the course of the myth. They depict man's true inner need to heal the split within him.

Following this reasoning, Mathuram notes that although the Ramayana is a straightforward story, "We are all the time conscious of something deeper. The characters may seem ordinary, but they merge into you. Gradually there is a fusion between what one observes and what lies hidden within, until it comes out that the whole myth is nothing but a voyage within oneself. Such is the quality of the language of the myth."

The various facets of the human personality are personified as characters in the Ramayana. They reveal their better sides and creative impulses as well as their shadow or wrong side. Even Ravana, the arch demon, exhibits qualities of value. And Sita

Continued on page 54

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I TRY EVERYTHING I CAN THINK OF - I PLAY SUPERMARKET BINGO... I ENTER ALL THE SWEEP-STAKES DRAWINGS...
I COLLECT OLD NEWSPAPERS AND ALUMINUM CANS.... I RETURN BOTTLES FOR THE DEPOSITS-
I SCRIMP AND SAVE BUT NOW I'M AT MY WIT'S END!
WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB?
OH-I COULDN'T DO THAT!
HERBERT WOULD NEVER LET ME WORK! HE SAYS IT'S TOO DEMEANING!
4-29
L. WOMAN

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THAT'S A LAUGH!

Paddy was having dinner with some friends in their house in Donegal when a severe snow storm developed.

"You must stay the night with us," insisted his friends. "You can't possibly go home in this weather."

"That's very civil of you," replied Paddy. "I'll just go home and bring my pajamas."

* * *

A very conscientious young parson was walking through his parish one morning when he chanced to meet an attractive young lady who was known to be very free with her favours.

"I prayed for you last night," he said reprovingly.

"Silly," she replied. "You should have given me a ring. I wasn't doing anything all evening."

* * *

A woman's dress should be tight enough to show there's a woman inside it, but loose enough to show that she's a lady.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Soni were driving along a lonely road. Suddenly a bandit stopped them. Mr. Soni quickly handed his watch to his wife and said, "Put it in your mouth."

A moment later the bandit made off with everything else they had.

"At least we saved your watch," said Mrs. Soni.

"Yes," replied Mr. Soni "and this is one time I wish your mother were with us. We'd have saved your handbag too."

* * *

A man rushed into the superintendent's office of a mental hospital and in a loud, excited voice inquired if they had missed any of their male patients.

"Why do you want to know?" inquired the superintendent.

"Well," said the man, "some lunatic has just run off with my wife."

* * *

"Am I scared? Got a letter from a man saying he'd shoot me if I didn't stay away from his wife."

"Well, all you got to do is stay away from her."

"Yes, but he didn't sign his name."

We Indians are getting stronger. Twenty years ago, it took two people to carry fifty rupees worth of groceries. Today, any child can carry it.

* * *

"Honey, wake up, there are burglars in the kitchen. I think they're eating the biscuits I baked this morning."

"What do we care so long as they don't die in the house?"

* * *

Road signs for motorists:

Drive Like Hell — And You'll Get There.

Watch my rear end — not hers.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Ordinary cleaning powders can leave behind ugly scratches.

VIM leaves nothing but the sparkle.

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LINTAS-V 72-2620

a return visit

Mikki Hariani

Although I travel a great deal, it has been a long time since I was last in India. I gazed at the panoramic view of Bombay spread out before me in the fast fading twilight and was amazed at how little it has changed in eight years. True, there are a few more skyscrapers and I noticed that they are taller and slightly cleaner than they used to be, but the view from the hotel which used to be one of my favourite haunts when I lived in this city are disturbingly familiar.

The lights of the Maharani's Necklace glittered like rhinestones against a velvet sea. I managed to distinguish the outline of a temple I used to visit from the huddle of makeshift buildings surrounding it. The Gateway of India looked as solid as it had always done. Was it my imagination or were there really more people going in and out of the hotel foyer than there used to be? It didn't matter. The question was irrelevant. Bombay still looked, smelled and seemed the same, but it no longer had the power to destroy me as it had so nearly done so long ago. I was younger and more vulnerable then as well as less adaptable to cultures that were strange to me.

My private musings were interrupted rather abruptly by the telephone. I picked it up mechanically and heard Carol ask whether I was all right in a concerned voice. Carol is the only member of our group who knows the full details of my story and she had tried her best to get the venue of this conference changed for my sake. I assured her that I was perfectly well and agreed to meet her downstairs for an early supper later on.

This seemed an appropriate time and place to remember in detail what had been the unhappiest two years of my life. I poured a generous helping of bath lotion into the king-sized bath and prepared for a long, luxurious soak.

My story is far from unique. It must be happening all the time these days and is far from interesting. Nevertheless, it did happen and my career has probably been so successful because of the two years I spent in India.

Actually it began in London, at the university. I come from a long line of Oxbridge academicians and grew up in Cambridge in a rambling, book-filled house set in beautifully kept gardens surrounded by hedges. I had a typical English middle-class upbringing. My parents were delightfully liberal and were pleased when I broke the family tradition and went up to London to read English Literature.

Being at the university in London in the early 'sixties was a tremendous experience. One had the feeling that one could do anything one wanted to do with one's life — that nothing was unattainable. I loved every minute of my three years there. It was not yet the "swinging sixties," but it was a great time to be young and free. The old order was changing rapidly and I revelled in the sort of freedom my mother had never had.

It was during this carefree, hedonistic period of my life that I met Vinod, an overseas student from Bombay, who I later married. We more or less drifted into marriage without thinking very much about it. If I had stopped to think about the pros and cons of marrying someone from a totally alien culture, I would have saved myself a great deal of heartache, but all was well while we lived in England. We both had interesting and well paid jobs, a super house and crowds of friends.

The city was just the same, but I had grown and matured, and it no longer had the power to destroy me as it had so nearly done some years ago

We had three blissfully untroubled years when everything seemed to go smoothly. Vinod's parents visited us each year. His father was a businessman — self-made, and extremely successful. The fact that his parents had so little in common with mine did perturb me, but I never dwelt on it for long as I got on well with both of them. I had been to Delhi and Madras as a child on brief holidays and had dim memories of sunshine, hot spicy food and turbaned servants.

India had fascinated me for ages and we were planning an extended holiday there when our idyll ended abruptly. His father died very suddenly and Vinod had to go to Bombay in order to light his father's funeral pyre. We left England hurriedly the day after the frantic telephone call from Vinod's mother. The funeral and the days that followed it went by as if in a dream. I felt

Continued on Page 31

This is the last of the 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win-A-Wardrobe from Delhi's popular SOPHISTICATION boutique. This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated December 3, 1978 and January 13, 1979.

You may be the lucky winner of this fabulous range of outfits if you have clipped and kept the coupons published every month along with the feature and send them by January 25, 1980.

DO NOT SEND INDIVIDUAL COUPONS

Location Courtesy: Oberoi Towers, Bombay. Photographs : Tayeb Badsh

IMPORTANT ANNOUNGEMENT

We are informed by several readers that they were unable to start collecting the coupons from the beginning of this contest. Therefore, to enable more readers to participate, we are hereby revising the rule; those who have missed out on the earlier coupons, will now be eligible to participate in the draw if they collect two coupons each, regardless of the serial numbers up to the last feature (in December). This will give them a renewed chance to collect the minimum of 10 coupons necessary to qualify for the draw.

FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

12 eve weekly / sophistication boutique

WIN-A-WARDROBE
COUPON

Name _____

Address _____

_____

1. Prizes are in the form of readymade garments. 1st Prize Rs. 10,000; 2nd Prize Rs. 5000; 3rd Prize Rs. 3000; PLUS ten Consolation Prizes Rs. 200 each.
2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly, around March, 1980. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.
3. A minimum of 10 coupons, out of coupons numbered 1—12 must be sent, in one lot, latest by **January 25, 1980,** after the publication of the 12th feature in December, to The Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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Most people think glucose is something you take only when you are ill. Not so. Your body needs glucose for energy right round the clock. When your body's glucose reserves get depleted, you feel tired and drained out. Health giving GLOKEEN-D restores you makes you feel refreshed and active once again.
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Fast-acting Glokeen-D is an invigorating energy supplement for everyone. It fights fatigue and provides more stamina. Glokeen-D contains all the goodness of glucose, fortified with calcium, phosphates and vitamin D... to keep you in peak fitness all the time.

Make Glokeen-D a daily habit.

GLOKEEN-D
–glowing Glucose energy.

A RETURN VISIT

Continued from Page 27

very lonely. I wasn't a part of it at all. I wore a white saree and did everything that I was supposed to do but felt extremely ill at ease. I tried my best to comfort Vinod's mother and sister but failed miserably.

I was terribly introverted those days and had been brought up not to show my feelings. Tears that were shed in abundant profusion was something quite alien to me. I could only express sympathy in words, and being extremely undemonstrative, I couldn't bring myself to even put a comforting arm around either of them, which made me feel even more inadequate. I saw very little of Vinod who was trying to sort out his father's affairs. It was several weeks before he told me that we would have to stay on in India for at least a few years as he would have to take over the running of his father's engineering firm.

I think I realised then that our marriage was ending, but flew back to England to sell our house and generally sort out things. I returned two months later and for some inexplicable reason burst into tears as the plane landed at Santa Cruz. I was amazed at myself, though I knew it was because this alien place could never become my home.

Vinod had done wonders in the two months I had been away. He had bought a rather super apartment on Malabar Hill so that we could be on our own, and had deliberately left it unfurnished so that I could do the interior myself. That kept me busy for a while, but I found it a rather trying occupation as the things I wanted were so difficult to find.

Vinod's mother helped me whenever she could. She was the sweetest of mothers-in-law, but didn't speak much English, and I found Hindi a difficult language to master. I tried working with Vinod, but that too was beset with problems. He seemed to have undergone a total metamorphosis in India. We no longer thought alike.

I felt that Indian industry was way back in the days of Victorian sweatshops and hated what I thought was the exploitation of labour. I detested the dirt, the squalor and the poverty that was everywhere. People said that I would get used to it in time — but I didn't. I genuinely made an effort to settle down in India, but didn't succeed.

Vinod and I gradually grew apart. It was a slow process, but I was utterly unhappy throughout the two years I spent in Bombay. I tried to do some useful social work, but the lack of Hindi was an insurmountable barrier.

The slow eroding of our marriage was considerably accelerated by the way in which Vinod handled his sister's involvement with a chap from a socially unsuitable background. I watched, horrified, as Vinod got his sister married off to someone who, Vinod should have known was a brainless idiot, just because he was from the same community.

Until this happened, I had regarded Bombay as my only enemy and was certain that if and when we left the city, everything would fall back into place. After that, however, I realised that India had changed Vinod so much that we had absolutely nothing in common any more, except perhaps for a few shared memories.

I became increasingly aware that if I stayed on in India with him, I would become a mere appendage, another dutiful wife, with nothing else to live for but her husband. I had always been a doer, not just a talker, but during my two years in India, I had done little of either. I finally changed that.

It was with regret that I bought a one-way ticket home, and once I did that, I didn't look back. I left behind everything I had accumulated while I was in India. After I packed my single suitcase I sat down and wrote a long letter to Vinod, explaining why I had to do what I did, and then I left.

It was pouring when I left Bombay — the monsoon had started the day before — but Heathrow was bathed in summer sunshine when my plane landed there. I spent a few days recuperating at home with my parents who asked no questions but welcomed me back with enthusiasm. Then I found myself a flat in London, near my old college and got totally involved in an organisation that dealt with women's rights as I wanted to reach out and help people.

Our organisation grew in strength and numbers and our work became recognised. I was happy, and put my Indian experience out of my mind. Vinod and I were divorced five years ago, and I felt nothing at all when signing the divorce papers. My only regret was the wasted two years.

* * *

I dressed and went downstairs for dinner. Carol, who had met some of the Indian delegates, was bubbling with enthusiasm. "I'm so glad we decided on Bombay for this conference — some of the Indian speakers seem really aware. Oh, and someone asked me to give this to you. He said that it was you who had first made him realise the extent to which women are exploited here."

Carol handed over an envelope addressed to me in a once familiar handwriting. I looked at it for a while before opening it.

All it said was, "Good luck at the conference, Nicola. I hope you still don't blame Bombay for what happened."

I smiled. The few hours I had spent going over something I had deliberately put out of my mind a long time ago, had made me aware of one thing. Bombay was merely the catalyst that had brought about the reaction that would inevitably have occurred because of our different backgrounds much sooner than it would normally have done anywhere else.

Mixed marriages are sometimes successful, but it would never have worked in our case because I was too English then to adapt or even make allowances for a culture so different from my own while Vinod's westernisation was just skin deep.

I wrote down Vinod's new telephone number in my diary and made a mental note to phone him. It seemed silly not to contact him for old times' sake if only to tell him that I no longer blamed Bombay for anything that had happened. Besides, if not for the two years I had spent here, I might never have done anything useful with my life. I had a lot to be grateful to Bombay for.

I turned to Carol and agreed that it looked as if this would be a really worthwhile meeting.

UCOBANK has made my dream come true: a business of my own.

Ever since I finished college I had visions of setting up a business of my own.
Of being my own employer.
But there was that one problem—I lacked the immediate capital necessary.

Through a colleague I learnt of a UCOBANK scheme where a regular saving can snowball into a tidy sum within a few years.

Seven years ago I started putting aside Rs 150 every month into UCOBANK's Recurring Deposit Scheme.

Last month UCOBANK made my dream come true.
I have started a small ancillary unit manufacturing components for the cycle industry.

I am happy now and thankful to UCOBANK.

UCO/CAS-47/79

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the friendly bank round the corner

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BINNY

A PROMISE OF BEAUTIFUL PRINTS.

the perfect foil!

Premila Lal

Foil, as we all know, was used to wrap chocolates and cheese over the years. Recently, it has reached into our kitchens and is put to use by many housewives for baking and storing food.

Foil is excellent for roasting meat. The meat cooks naturally in its own juices, shrinkage is less, protects the oven from oily splashes and helps to tenderize meat. Foil is not only a tremendous help in pre-cooking and storing foods, it is also marvellous for table decor, moulds easily into exciting shapes, and also keeps bread, sandwiches and other cooked meals moist and fresh for several days in the refrigerator.

CAULIFLOWER MOULD

1 kg cauliflower
1 cup cheese, grated
1 cup milk
1 cup breadcrumbs
4 tbsps. butter
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tbsp. flour
Aluminium foil
1 egg

Parboil the whole cauliflower and keep aside. Melt butter in a dekchi. Lightly fry the flour and breadcrumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Pour milk and stir gently. Add cheese. Cook till the sauce thickens Prepare a mould from the aluminium foil. Place the cauliflower in the mould. Pour the sauce over the cauliflower. Beat the egg till light and fluffy. Pour over the cauliflower. Cover the mould lightly. Bake in a preheated oven till the top is light brown. Serve hot.

STUFFED CHICKEN RISOTTO

1 large chicken
1½ cups rice, half cooked
2 tsps. black pepper powder
60 grams almonds, blanched (optional)
60 grams raisins (optional)
2 onions, finely minced
4 rashes bacon, chopped
2 tbsps. tomato puree
3 tbsps. butter
4 cloves garlic, finely minced
Salt to taste
Aluminium foil

Remove the liver, heart and gizzard from the chicken and chop. Heat butter in a pan and fry these for a few minutes. Remove. Fry chopped bacon in the same pan for 2 minutes, then add the onions and garlic. Remove the pan from the fire and add the salt, pepper, almonds, raisins and tomato puree together with the rice, liver, heart and gizzard. Mix gently and keep aside.

Take a little ghee and brown the chicken well. Remove from the fire and stuff with the rice mixture. Sew the opening. Place the chicken on the foil. Cover the chicken well with foil. Bake in the oven till the chicken is tender. Serve hot with steamed buttered vegetables.

PARTY POTATOES

6 medium potatoes
4½ tbsps. butter
¾ cup sharp processed cheese, grated
¾ cup cream
Chopped parsley
Salt and pepper to taste
Foil

Peel potatoes and cut into strips. Take a large piece of aluminium foil and shape foil to form a baking dish. Put potatoes into the centre of the dish, dot with butter and sprinkle with salt, pepper and cheese, and pour the cream over this. Bring edges of foil to cover potatoes. Seal the edges to make a tightly closed package but do not press. Place on an oven sheet and bake in a hot oven for 40-50 minutes. To serve, place the foil dish in a bread basket, fold back the edges of foil and sprinkle with little chopped parsley.

CHICKEN BREASTS IN FOIL

FOR EACH SERVING:

3 breasts of chicken (medium)
6 small onions
6 mushrooms
1 tsp. parsley, chopped
Paprika
2 tbsps. cream
Salt and pepper to taste
Fat
Foil to cover the chicken

Brown chicken in a small amount of fat. Remove chicken, then brown onions and mushrooms in the fat. Tear off a sheet of foil enough to seal all the ingredients. Place the mushrooms, onion and chicken with fat in the foil. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, paprika and chopped parsley. Top with the cream and seal the package well from the seams. Prepare as many as desired. Put on baking sheet and bake in a hot oven for 1 hour.

PORK AND PINEAPPLE PACKETS

FOR EACH PACKET:

3, 2" cubes of uncooked fresh pork shoulder (thin layer of fat on it)
2 slices of pineapple (canned)
¼" slice of capsicum
1 small tomato
A pinch of ground ginger
Salt & pepper to taste
Foil

Sprinkle the pork with salt, pepper and ginger. Place pork, pineapple, green pepper and tomato on a 12" square foil and press foil to form a sealed packet. Prepare as many packets as desired in the same way, and place them in a single layer in a baking tray. Bake in a moderate oven for about 2 hours. Serve individual packets to your guests.

BAKED FILLETS

4 large fish fillets (about 1 kg)
½ cup almonds, browned (optional)
1 onion, minced
2 tbsps. parsley, minced
1 bouillon cube, dissolved (or concentrated stock)
2 tbsps. boiling water
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 onion, sliced in rings
Bay leaf
A dash of thyme
6 whole pepper corns
Red paprika powder
Four sheets foil

Put oil, almonds, minced onion, parsley and bouillon in a saucepan. Cook gently for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add the lemon juice. Place 4 slices of onion in the centre of each foil sheet together with a dash of bay leaf, thyme and two peppers. Put fish fillet on this and sprinkle a little salt and paprika on the fish. Cover the top with almond mixture. Wrap gently and seal ends well. Place in a moderate oven and bake for 30-40 minutes.

RICE STUFFED VEAL CUTLETS

60 grams rice, cooked
4 veal cutlets
1 tbsp. parsley, chopped
1 green chilli, finely chopped
2 tbsps. onion, chopped
Grated lemon rind
30 grams butter
1 egg
4 square foil pieces

Mix together the rice, parsley, chilli, onion, grated rind, melted butter (or a chopped rasher of bacon). Add egg and seasoning and spread this mixture on top of each of the four cutlets. Butter the foil sheets very lightly and place each cutlet on a sheet. Wrap loosely and seal the ends of the foil securely. Roast for 40-45 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Serve in the foil wrapping which can be removed at the table or the cutlets may be eaten by just slitting the foil across.

BAKED FISH PARSI STYLE

1 pomfret
1 large sheet foil

GRIND TOGETHER:

1 small pod garlic
6 red chillis
1 tbsp. coriander
1 tbsp. turmeric
1 tbsp. cummin seeds
1 tbsp. salt

GRIND TO A PASTE:

1 onion
1 bunch coriander
1 ball tamarind

Clean the fish thoroughly, leaving the roe, if any, inside. Mix together the ground masalas. Dry the fish with a cloth and then apply the masala mixture inside the mouth, stomach etc. and on the outside. Apply some oil or ghee on the foil. Place the fish in the centre and seal the edges of the foil well. Place in a low oven and bake for an hour.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize.

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh container from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) a Gift Hamper from **WEIKFIELD** containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A 1000 ml. pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from **KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LTD.,** Cochin.

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

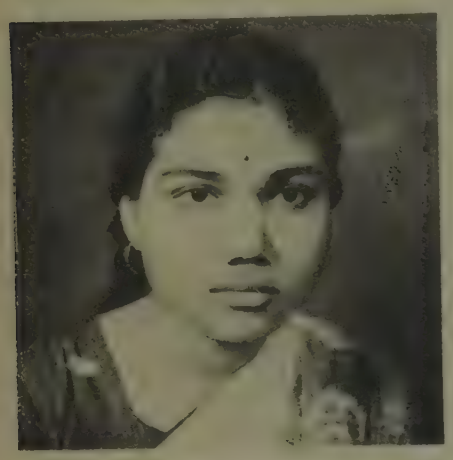
RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Miss Sukhbirkaur Hundal, Bombay.

CHOCOLATE JAMUNS

1 small tin drinking chocolate
½ kg marie biscuits
1 tin condensed milk
½ kg dry coconut, grated
1 tsp. milk
½ tsp. butter

Powder the marie biscuits. Mix all the given ingredients with milk except the coconut. Form into a dough. Now grease your palms with butter. Make small round balls and roll each ball in the grated coconut. Excellent for a children's party.



Anjali Mohapatra, New Delhi.

EGG CUTLETS

5 eggs
4 potatoes
2 tbsps. puffed rice
½ tsp. chilli powder

FOR THE FILLING:

1 onion, chopped
100 grams minced meat

GRIND TO A PASTE:

1 onion
6 cloves garlic
1" piece ginger
1 tsp. garam masala

Boil 4 eggs and the potatoes. Remove and cool. Skin them. Slice the top of the eggs. Remove the yolks very carefully. Mash potatoes very finely. Mix in the chilli powder and egg yolks. Keep aside. Then fry the puffed rice dry. Grind them. Fry the chopped onion till golden brown. Put in the mince meat and ground masala paste. Fry on a low fire. Allow this to cook for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire. Add garam masala powder. When cool, fill the hollow of the eggs very carefully with this mixture. Next, make 4 puris from the potato paste. Put each egg in each puri, cover and close from all sides. Roll in puffed rice powder after dipping in the beaten egg. Deep fry till golden brown. Remove from fire. Serve with tomato sauce

Mrs. Kulwinder Farmahan, Bombay.

STUFFED PAPAYA SOUP

1 small papaya
1 small piece ginger
5 cloves garlic
1 cup milk
½ kg tomatoes
3 small carrots
2 potatoes
2 onions
2 tsps. cheese powder
7 cashewnuts (optional)
1 tsp. garam masala
Salt to taste
1 tsp. sugar

Grind the ginger and garlic to a paste. Soak the cashewnuts for 15-20 minutes. Grind and keep aside.

Peel and wash the papaya. Cut off a small part from the narrow end of papaya and scoop out all the seeds. Cut off a very thin slice from the bottom end. Cook in water till tender. Keep aside. Make the tomato puree with milk. Add salt, sugar, and cashew paste. Keep to boil, stirring occasionally till well blended. Mix cheese powder in cold milk till creamy. Add to the soup and stir well.

Fry onions till brown. Add ginger, garlic paste. Fry. Add carrots and potatoes. Pour little water and cook till tender Add salt and chilli powder. Cool. Stuff this into the papaya.

Put the stuffed papaya into a huge bowl. Pour hot soup around it. Sprinkle pepper powder and coriander leaves before serving.

WEEKLY WINNER

MEENAL KUMAR, Jodhpur.

Miss Kumar wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil Tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

COCONUT FINGERS

200 grams flour
1 tsp. baking powder
100 grams fat
1 egg
A little raspberry jam

FOR THE COCONUT LAYER:

100 grams coconut, grated
25 grams fat
1 egg
75 grams powdered sugar
1/2 tsp vanilla essence
A rectangular baking tray 30 cms x 20 cms

Brush the inside of the tray with melted fat. Sift flour and baking powder. Rub fat into flour. Beat the egg and gradually work into the mixture. Put the mixture into the tray and mould it with hands until is covers the tray completely. Spread the raspberry jam over. Keep aside. Now rub fat into coconut and mix in the powdered sugar. Beat the egg and add to the mixture with vanilla essence. Put the coconut mixture on top of the jam and spread it over carefully as evenly as possible without allowing the jam to come to the surface.

Bake the mixture in a very moderate oven at 325° for 25 mts. to 30 mts. till the coconut turns golden and crispy. Cut the mixture into slices while it is still hot. Serve when cold.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

Her eyes speak volumes for her beauty...

her bindi adds to her allure.

Shingar...made from the best ingredients in colours
to match your every mood...and dress.
Chosen by the most beautiful women in India.

Shingar Kumkum Bindi—
India's most beautiful beauty spot.

everest/ra/SH/135

IN MY OWN WRITE

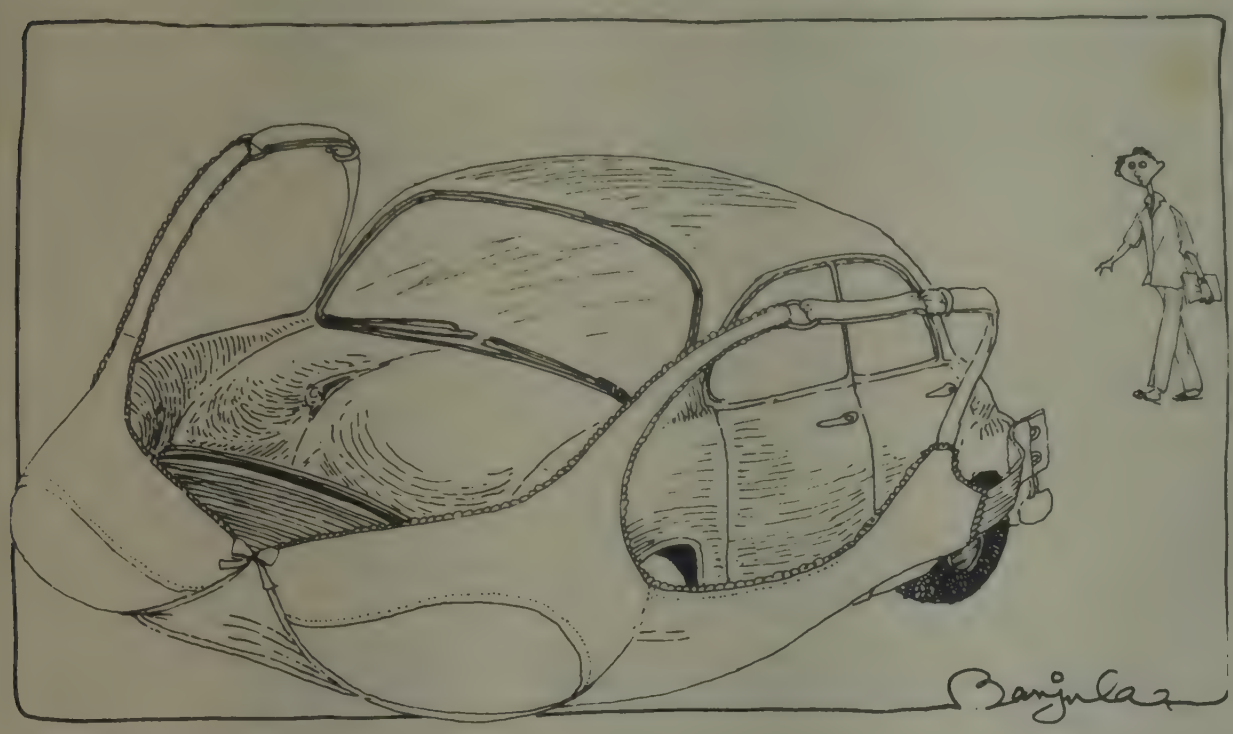
Humour, the way it is.

WATCH OUT, THERE'S A MAN AT THE WHEEL!

My sister is one of those rare exotic creatures, a lady driver.

Actually, there are hundreds and thousands of lady drivers, but from the way their male counterparts behave, it seems that there is little so bizarre or monstrous as the sight of a woman behind the wheel of her car.

It is difficult to tell exactly why this is so. Rumour has it that so many ribald jokes have been made at the expense of women drivers that at the very sight of one, men become hysterical and uncontrolled. Another theory rules that, since women are generally safer and less accident-prone than men, they come in the way of the grand prix competitors who make up the majority of (male) urban drivers. Or maybe it is simply an affront to the sensitive male ego to find that women can drive themselves around, thereby making it that much more difficult for them to find situations as drivers, mechanics and husbands.



Whatever it is which upsets the finely tuned balance of the average masculine mind, it results in the most extraordinary behaviour on the streets. A crowd of male pedestrians is unable to resist caressing a woman's car or gently kicking the bumper or simply freezing into immobility at the pedestrian crossings. Male drivers jostle and crowd around to be the first to overtake a woman and God forbid if the lady does not oblige.

Occasionally the situation develops where a woman driver is in front of a man at the starting line of the traffic lights: when the pistol goes off the man goes crazy in his determination to win the "race" at all costs. Once, at nine o'clock at night, when there was no other traffic on the roads, a man jumped the road divider with brakes squealing and tires smoking, to get ahead of the woman in front of him, when the lights turned green. As soon as he had got his way, he slowed down and took life easy again. If a woman were to dare to do such a thing, every man in sight would sagely wag his head and say, "Women drivers, tch, tch."

Women drivers bring out the backseat bully in men. If they were laughing and talking before getting in the car, they stop immediately as the door slams. They sit tensely, their feet pressing imaginary brakes, their hands twitching in anticipation of every gear change and their eyes flicker constantly from side to side, working out a dozen collision courses per second.

One husband, who never used to allow his wife to drive when they were both in the car finally let her take the wheel while on a long-distance car journey. After an hour's driving she gave it back to him, because, she said, she could see him sitting coiled up in the back seat staring hypnotically at the rear-view mirror to see that she was not too close to any other car.

When men give directions, they don't just state them, they shout them out and point frantically and mutter viciously about the incompatibility of women and machines. And yet — which sex is it which drives taxis, lorries and buses, which makes urban traffic a particularly challenging obstacle course for car-owners and pedestrians alike? Which sex is best known for weaving about at night under the influence of various intoxicating liquids? Men, of course and always.

Then there are those days when some trouble develops and a woman needs to do a little tinkering about. On one such occasion, my sister, who drives a Fiat, pushed her car out of the way of an impatient male driver behind her. She knew that there was a slight starting problem and that if she only waited a bit it would be all right. However, the spectacle of a woman performing the otherwise simple task of pushing a Fiat a short distance ouot of the way, brought out the spirit of chivalry in the other driver. Instead of driving off now that the way was clear, the gallant alighted from his restless steed and rushed to the rescue of the helpless lady, though she repeatedly assured him she knew what was wrong and could handle the situation. It took him half an hour of mucking about under the hood before he could tell her what she already knew, that if she waited a few minutes, the car would start. Relieved at having done his male duty, he then remounted his trusty charger and galloped off into the distance, glowing with healthy masculine pride.

Of such heart-warming events is the day of the lady driver composed.

A. Kaulumnisst

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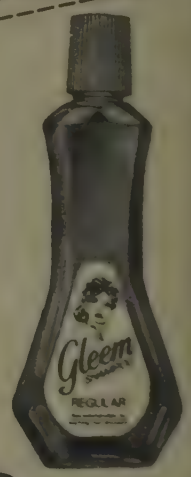

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RAJ KIRAN:

"I'M NOT REALLY A BIG MOUTH"

Adelaide Chand

Raj Kiran walks into his typically Sindhi sitting-room at midday, in pajamas, Sylvester Stallone T-shirt and maroon dressing-gown, yawning and clutching his right arm.

A servant arrives with two tall glasses of steaming coffee for him. Raj picks up a glass, settles down, and informs us that he never reads film magazines. I glance pointedly at the latest issue of "Star & Style" on the sofa. He frowns irritably. "Got to tell my folks to stop taking in all these magazines. I do one film and the whole house goes crazy. Why should I read them? I'm not interested in who's screwing who, or who's popped it, or who's gone off his/her nut," he ends.

That's Raj Kiran — a brash, assertive, loquacious combination of aggressiveness and sensitivity.

He started out in films at seventeen. "I'd just completed my Cambridge and was waiting for the results when I went to meet B. R. Ishara — since he had this reputation of giving young people a break, right from 'Chetna' onwards. I knew there were a lot of other youngsters around, but 98 per cent of them are always bullshit and don't deserve a break. I did deserve a break. Because I'm good."

He got his break. Ishara cast him in the lead opposite Sarika in his next film, "Kagaz Ki Nao". The film nose-dived into oblivion and thereafter Raj Kiran's career ceased to exist. "Those six years following 'Kagaz Ki Nao' were the worst of my life. Really rotten. They stink. I don't even want to remember them."

Anyway, after more than six years of this, he finally decided "to chuck up the whole thing, call it a day and go abroad to join my brother in New York. On the day I got my visa from the embassy — I remember it was exactly two years ago — I received a call from the Rajshri people saying they were considering me for their 'Shikshaa'. So I said what the hell, let's give it one more try. I can always go to New York and this is something I've always wanted to do anyway."

It would have taken me six months to get through the lower echelons to the top brass, if I hadn't met Mr. Barjatya on the staircase. He was on his way to lunch, but he took me back up and gave me some time. I think he's the most remarkable person I've ever met. He's got this uncanny intuition — an unerring ability to pinpoint which movie's going to hit the bull's eye. He predicted that 'Geet Gaata Chal' would be a super-smash and it was, although I'd had my doubts, since it was a rustic love story, not a city one like 'Bobby' or 'Julie'. He's a tremendous man.

" 'Shikshaa' was released at a time when Rajshri had been churning out a whole string of consecutive successes, right from 'Tapasya' to 'Dulhan Wohi. . .' so audiences all expected another thundering hit."

Although their expectations were belied, the film did launch Raj Kiran on the road to stardom.

"The entire film was built around me," he boasts. "Nobody was as important as I was in the film — it was my show all the way." His heroine was a new girl called Sushma Varma. "She's extinct now," he says, then grins ruefully. "I talk too much."

Today he's working with girls like Sarika, Bindiya and Kaajal Kiron. "Heroines like Tina and Poonam are too big-time for me. They're busy signing films with Rishi. A great guy. He can act, sing, dance, do anything.

"I am not really a big-mouth. I don't criticize other people, I just talk about myself. All I want is for people to know I'm good. I'm convinced I've got it, babe. The talent, the ability, I want to hit the top. It's not so much the money. I've always had money. It's being a big name, the public adulation, the thrill of being known.

"I'm here because I'm not a **padha-likha aadmi,** there's nothing else I can do. This line is only for uneducated slobs — you've got to be insane to survive here. Sometimes I ask myself what I'm doing here. It's a race, baby. We're all horses. And everyone's got their money on the favourites. It's real tough making it out here. Sometimes I think even Hollywood must be easier. At least there the masses are educated, they can accept and understand small-budget, new-wave films, different ideas. Here it all depends on luck."

He veers off at a tangent: "I think Shatru must be like me. He's a great guy. What a personality, what an actor! I admire him because he says exactly what he feels. There's no bullshit about him."

Does this mean Raj Kiran will develop into another Shatrughan Sinha? Time alone will tell.

Photograph: D. R. Yadav

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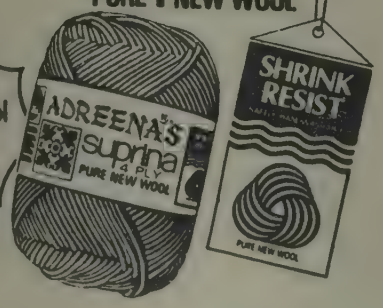

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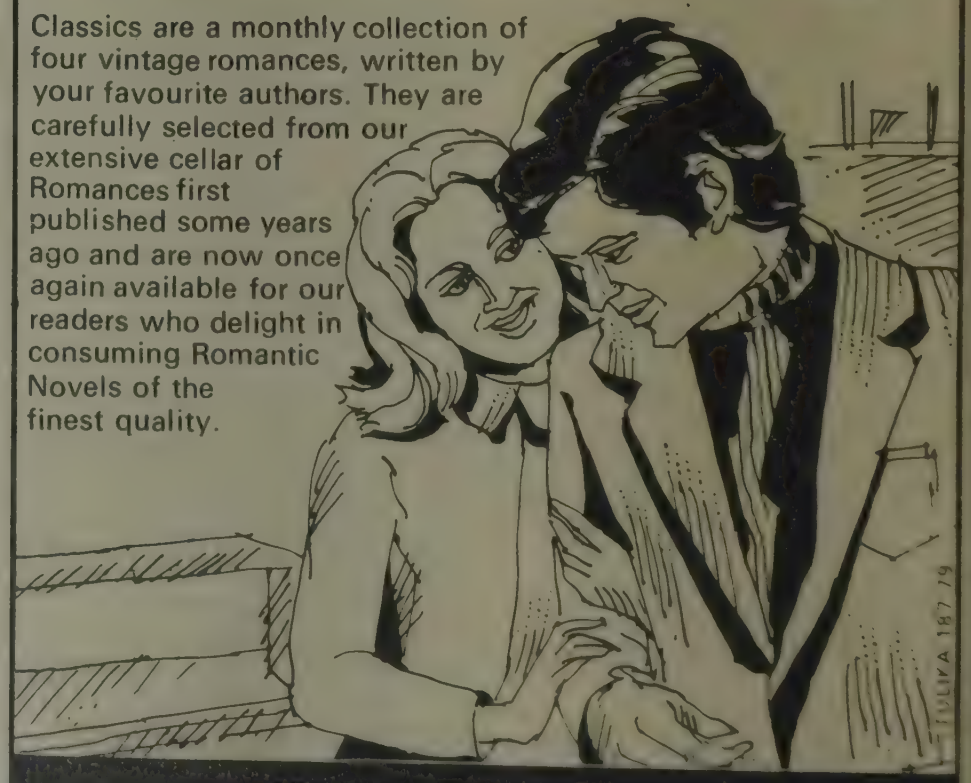

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WHOLE-HEARTED SERVICE TO THE POOREST OF THE POOR

Continued from page 13

the sense of belonging and acceptance the nuns and their co-workers impart. This can be best reflected in the words of a man picked up half eaten by maggots and who found shelter and solace for only two hours: "All my life I have lived like an animal, but here I die like an angel, loved and cared for."

It is this simple feeling of belonging and caring that the nuns seek to give in everything that they do. Mother Teresa once told Desmond Doig in an interview, "People today are hungry for love, for understanding love which is much greater and which is the only answer to loneliness and great poverty. That is why we are able to go to countries like England and America and Australia where there is no hunger for bread. But there, people are suffering from terrible loneliness, terrible despair terrible hatred, feeling unwanted, feeling helpless, feeling hopeless. They have forgotten how to smile, they have forgotten the beauty of the human touch. They are forgetting what is human love. They need someone who will understand and respect them."

It is this human love and touch that the nuns in New York seek to give the people they work for. Here they work in the Bronx, among the drug addicts, alcoholics and the mentally disturbed. In addition, they go visiting homes, spending time with old people who would otherwise never get visitors.

One old woman related how although her son had bought her radio and T.V. sets she never used them lest her front door bell went unanswered. She had been waiting for the bell to ring for the last three years till the sisters came.

Their ability to feel and share the plight of others is reflected in their Middle East refugee camp work. They have a home in Amman, Jordan, as well as in Gaza. Sister Susan who works there said, "Of course we feed them and nurse them. Most of them are sick and epidemics often break out. But most of all they need caring and love. To find yourself homeless overnight, not to belong any where, that is what they mind most. And this is where we must try and give them some sense of belonging to the world of man."

Crowds waiting patiently at a dispensary.

In their Gaza home their unique love and dedication have won them a special place. Here all wounded combatants are brought because the nuns are so fully trusted — a break-through for the brotherhood of man that two warring sides agree to have themselves treated side by side in the same hospital!

In Ethiopia too their work has won them special recognition. After the revolution and overthrow of Haile Selassie, while all other missionaries were expelled, the Missionaries of Charity were requested to remain.

In their home, the City of Light, in Yemen, they work not only among the refugees but

Continued on page 47

WORDS OF LOVE AND CHARITY

ON ACCEPTINC THE NOBEL PRIZE : I thanked God for his great gift and for making the world acknowledge works of love to be works of peace. Poor people are the concern of the world and their presence needs to be acknowledged and that they are our brothers and sisters, accepted. The world has accepted this very personally as something that will bring peace to the world.

SPENDING THF PRIZE MONEY: We shall spend it on the poor, the helpless and the sick and lonely ones. It is His gift and it will be spent for His children. But first priority will be the leprosy patients who are the most handicapped among all sick men.

PEACE : Peace can be established if we love each other. The greedy who are fighting for power and money do not know love, and love alone can help establish peace in the family, in society and in the world.

HER WORK : Work is our love for God in action. To love and serve Him. This cannot show unless we put that love into living action. I see Jesus Christ's face in the leper, in the dying, in the little child. We must work among the poorest of the poor, the unwanted, unloved, those who have forgotten the human touch and what it is to be loved and wanted. For we are all children of God.

THE POOR : They have their own special identity and dignity. We are privileged that we can help them. We can learn a lot from them. My gratitude is to the poor of Calcutta who have accepted us with so much love and trust.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM US : We must open our eyes and see the suffering and poverty around us. You and I must give until it hurts. We must begin to share until it hurts. Your own role in life you can fulfil beautifully if you think more of the other person and less of yourself as a wife, a mother, an employer. Love starts at home. Be the source of joy for your husband, for your wife, for your children, for your parents. Love your neighbour. Neighbour is not an abstract term. It is the family next door. If you have love in your heart you can overcome.

MESSAGE: God is love. As He loves you and me, let us love one another as He loves each one of us. And the best way to love one another is by setting our hands to serve and our hearts to love.

K. T.

(Compiled from interviews, and talks given by Mother Teresa)

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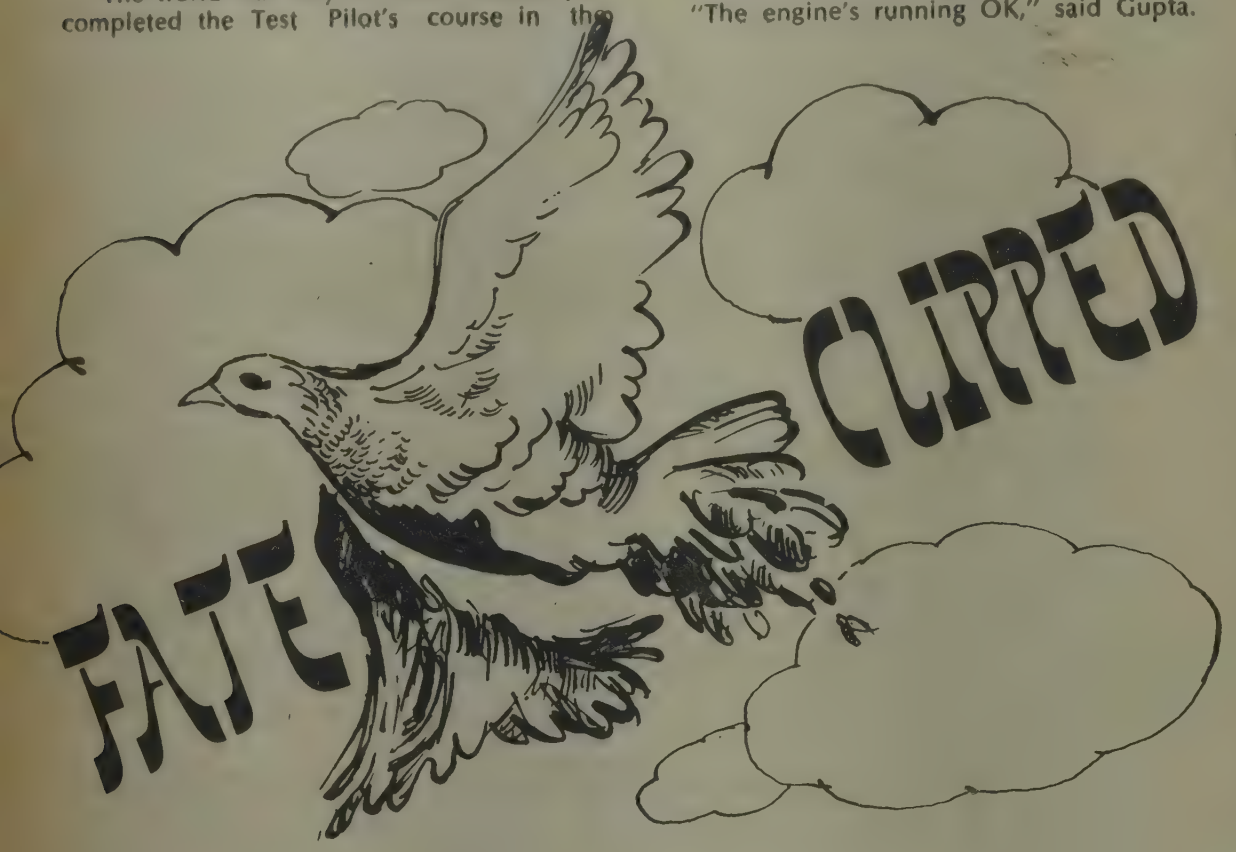
HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

FATE CLIPPED HIS WINGS

Mayah Balse



He cannot sit or squat, but only stands or lies down in a supine position. A peculiar dilemma to be beset with for life. But that is the plight of Flt. Lt. P. V.R. Murthy-"Murf" to his friends, who had an aircraft accident that maimed him for life.

November 15, 1976.

The world was rosy for Murf. He had just completed the Test Pilot's course in the Aircrafts and Systems Testing Establishment at Bangalore and was looking forward to the Graduation Ceremony where he was going to be awarded the All-round-trophy for standing first in both flying and ground subjects. A few months ago, a daughter had been born to him and he had taken a house in Indira Nagar, asking his wife Sushila to join him there with the child. She had come and was awaiting the Awards Ceremony with as much eager anticipation as her husband.

Two days before the function, Murf set out in a helicopter with his friend Flt. Lt. Gupta for a routine sorties. It was a chilly day in mid-November and Bangalore was delightful. They had just started circling and were making for the airfield when a peculiar shudder ran through the helicopter.

Gupta hadn't put on his seat belt.

"Better fasten up," said Murthy wisely.

"No need chum, we're going to land in a few minutes," replied his friend nonchalantly.

"You must do it," said Murthy firmly. "I'll take over the controls."

There were dual controls to the aircraft, so while Gupta fastened his seat belt, Murf took the controls. That job accomplished Gupta took over again and steered the helicopter towards the projected landing point.

Just short of it, they began to drop suddenly.

"What's wrong?" asked Murf.

"The engine's running OK," said Gupta.

Murf made a quick scrutiny.

"It's the free-wheeling coupling clutch," he said. "The power isn't passing on to the rotors and their rpm is going down."

They were dropping perilously low. Now they were just 1000 ft from ground level.

"We'll have to crash-land," said Gupta. "Can't make the air-field."

There was a foot-ball ground ahead in the centre of HAL living quarters. Wordlessly Gupta steered the aircraft towards it. Within seconds it had touched down but the impact was too much. It keeled over on its side and burst into flames.

It was close on 11 a.m. People were going to work. Among them was Mr. Reddy, an aircraft technician who worked in HAL, (Hindustan Aeronautics Limited).

"My God," was his first thought. "Somebody's trapped inside." He rushed to the burning helicopter, braved the flames and undid Gupta's seat-belt. He was uppermost with Murf underneath, unconscious with a head injury. Reddy's face and hands were singed. He fought the pain and dragged the injured pilot Gupta to a safe spot some 40 yards from the blazing aircraft. Then he turned to go back for Murthy, praying that it wasn't already too late. Getting Murf out seemed to be more difficult. He had to bypass both seat and controls to get to him. Finally, panting with exertion Reddy accomplished the feat. Someone who had seen the accident from the houses of the HAL complex had meanwhile phoned for an ambulance. Now it came screeching to the site of the tragedy.

Flying Control, which had lost touch with the aircraft, had meanwhile notified Air Commodore R.D. Sahni in the ASTE hangar. He came rushing to the HAL quarters, where the helicopter was a red-hot, partly-charred mass of metal. Looking at it he had slim hope for the pilots' survival. But God had willed differently.

In the Command Air Force Hospital where both pilots were rushed forthwith, doctors found them in a precarious condition. They were both in a coma caused by head injury, had compound fractures of the lower limbs and had suffered spinal damage. Some internal organs had been ruptured by the impact. While the spleen was affected in Gupta's case, it was the bladder which had succumbed in the case of Murf. They had extensive burns on arms and back, apart from other bruises. It seemed to be a losing battle.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, as Sushila waited for her husband to return for lunch, she saw an Air Force vehicle pull up in front of the house. She had just put the child to sleep and thought that Murf had returned early.

The Air Force normally wound up work at 1.30 p.m. She went to the door and threw it open. Two officers stood outside, friends of her husband. They were Sqn. Ldr. Chhoker and Sqn. Ldr. Katial

"Murf isn't home yet," she said.

They took off their caps and looked uncomfortable. She knew a sudden fear.

"Murf has had a small accident," said one. "But don't worry, only his legs are damaged. Please come with us to the hospital."

She deposited her baby with her neighbour, Mrs. Fenn, and accompanied them. At the hospital they didn't tell her outright that Murf was in a coma. They said he had been given some medicine for the pain, which had sent him to sleep. The doctors said they would have to operate on him and required her signature on some papers. She signed the forms and went back to their house in Indira Nagar. But the emptiness was agony and her thoughts spun a horror story. She got through to her mother in Vishakhapatnam, and told her what had happened. "Please come, mother," she said tearfully. "I can't live with my thoughts and fears."

In the evening, some officers drove her to the hospital again. They had taken Murf to the operation theatre and put his legs in plaster but he was still under the effect of the anaesthetic. She saw an officer standing there who was known to both of them. He was Flt. Lt. Purandare.

"Ma'am," he said to Sushila. "Come and stay with my wife and me in Domlur. It's the least we can do for you in this catastrophe." Sushila's eyes filled with tears. How had he known that she didn't want to be alone? His wife and he were pillars of strength, whose kindness she remembers to this day.

When Sushila's mother joined them, they learnt from the hospital authorities that nothing further could be done for Murf in Bangalore. He would have to be moved to Kirkee where there were more facilities for treatment and medical attention. When they told Sushila the news, she resolved at once to go there too, so as to be near him. She simply couldn't bear to stay back in Bangalore, wondering, worrying, speculating on the worst.

That second evening when Purandare had taken her to the hospital in Bangalore to see her husband, Murf hadn't shown any recognition. His eyes had stared at her uncomprehendingly. She was a stranger. She began worrying then, that he had suffered irreparable brain damage. He was in great pain but some glimmer of recognition came into his expression when he beheld his daughter. After that he was in a haze of half-wakefulness, not fully conscious of his surroundings.

An aircraft was arranged to convey Murf and Gupta to Kirkee. Sushila decided to follow by train with her mother. Purandare promised to accompany them to Pune and see them safely settled in a house there, making immediate arrangements to stay in the Officers' Mess as soon as they reached.

Before they could convey both officers to the hospital at Kirkee, Flt. Lt. Gupta died. His death was an added shock to young Sushila. Both men had almost identical injuries, she reasoned. If Gupta had died, would Murf survive? What was worse, they asked her to keep mum about the news, in case Murf surfaced and enquired after his friend. The doctors felt Murf may not be able to take the shock. In fact they did not tell him about the death for three whole months, during which Murf was in a kind of amnesia, not even aware that he had met with an aircraft accident.

Sushila, who stayed with her mother and daughter in the quarters of the Queen Mary Technical School in Kirkee, visited Murf in hospital every day and saw him undergo spinal traction and treatment for his various fractures. There were burns which entailed grafting of skin and a head injury which made him forgetful of people, places and events. The traction was removed after eleven weeks but the plaster remained for nine months. His personality had undergone a slight change. Sushila found him morose at times and he was given to bursts of violent temper.

It was a terrible battle for normalcy and Sushila fought it as much as Murf did. When the traction and plaster were taken off, he had an abundant sense of freedom. But the day he first stood on his feet, the ground seemed strange after months of lying in bed. He could not move except with crutches.

"Sushila," he said. "Look, I'm walking again." She cried with relief. It was reward for their months of tribulation. But he had lost the capacity for sex and his bladder didn't function except through a system of involuntary drainage.

"I don't care," said Sushila. "I have you back and that's enough!" Murf didn't feel the same way. He felt he was reduced to a vegetable and a failure as a husband. He often compared Sushila to a widow, who suffered the same deprivations as a woman whose husband was dead, without any of the attendent benefits.

This emotion was intensified when he went to the insurance company as well as Air Force Authorities who had promised cover against accident, and was consternated to find they covered only death, not disability of this kind.

His was a peculiar case. His muscles and tendons had been affected by a condition called "splacticity" due to prolonged immobilisation and spinal damage. They would not bend enough to enable him to be in a sitting position. He underwent physiotherapy but it did not help much.

After a year and half at Kirkee, during which he first went on half-pay and then no pay at all, he fought for his rights. Those at the top were unheeding. There were certain rules and they had to go by them.

"What rules?" he asked. "My wife would have been better off had I been dead!"

On his discharge from hospital he limped into the ASTE at Bangalore but felt frustrated because he could not do any work, though they were willing to accept him back in the capacity of an Air Force Officer on a ground job. There he suffered a vacuum of unfulfilment, standing for long hours and unable to be as effective as he would have wished.

At home he turned gloomy and churlish. Sushila helped him fight a supreme psychological battle, giving gentle encouragement to boost his broken ego. He finally got transferred to the aviation department of the Command Air Force Hospital at Bangalore, where he got quarters within walking distance of the office.

He can neither sit in the back seat of a car, nor ride on a scooter-pillion, nor drive a vehicle of any kind. He cannot take an auto, or sit in a restaurant nor enjoy a cinema.

"When fate clipped my wings," he said, "it deprived me of much more than a chance to fly."

Apart from thousands of rupees spent on Ayurvedic oil massage, acupuncture and other futile remedies, Murf lost the Award for best pilot, which he was to be presented with two days after the accident. He missed a chance to enroll for the Empire Test Pilots Course in England, which is higher by a notch than the training in India. He lost half a year's pay for no fault of his. He lost the faculty for fathering another child. He forsook his rank on account of his disability. And he was deprived of the ability to give sexual satisfaction to his wife.

If ever you go into the spacious grounds of the Command Air Force Hospital at Bangalore and walk into a room which bears the board Flt. Lt. P.V.R. Murthy: Officer. I.C. Civil Admn., you will see a sad-eyed man standing and doing paper-work, at a desk much too low for the activity. There is a chair but he cannot sit for more than ten minutes at a stretch and even this is a painful stance. A crutch is propped against one wall. There's not even a bed to rest his back on when standing becomes a strain. With a sigh he will tell you the story of his life, bemoaning the fact that not only God but even the Government played him foul.

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WHOLE-HEARTED SERVICE TO THE POOREST OF THE POOR

Continued from page 41

also among the mentally retarded and physically deformed who have been abandoned and in many cases, driven out.

In Rome they have two houses in the shadow of the Vatican. It is mainly for the European novitiate. One of the houses is situated in the heart of a gypsy slum. The sisters run night shelters in various parts of the city. In cold winter nights they go out with hot drinks and sandwiches and blankets to the streets and stations and befriend a number of people. Many go to homes where the mother is an invalid and cannot look after the children, or do the house-work and is too poor to hire help. Here they cook and clean for the family.

In Mexico, they have gruel kitchens so that the hungry do not have to fight at the garbage heaps with animals for food. Here in India too, a great deal of their activities are concentrated on feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and ministering to the sick.

Mother Teresa spoke of an incident which took place while she was helping out in a feeding kitchen in Calcutta. "A little boy with eyes shining with hunger asked for something to eat. I gave him a few slices of bread. He took this and sat in a corner eating it slowly. Very slowly. I asked him what the matter was, and he looked up and said, 'Mother, I am scared to finish it for I might still be hungry when it is eaten up.' "

Women come from surrounding villages to get three mugfuls of lentil porridge to take back home. Others walk far to get treatment at the clinics set near railway stations.

In San Gregorio, Italy, they work with drunkards, drug addicts and prostitutes. None of them has anybody to turn to and nowhere to go. In New York they visit jails and juvenile delinquent homes showering love, sympathy and attention. The occupants are mainly extremely poor Puerto Ricans, black Americans and Mexican immigrants who need love and who have to be helped to find themselves.

Wherever they are, wherever and however they work, the sisters give of themselves wholeheartedly in their endeavour to improve the quality of life and endear man to man, in their mission to accept and love the poor and to gain acceptance from the world for them.

How can there be any doubt that the work of Mother Teresa and the Missionaries of Charity binds people all over the world, irrespective of their colour or creed and promotes international understanding? And hence the words of the Norwegian Peace Committee "for work undertaken in the struggle to overcome poverty and distress in the world, which also constitutes a threat to peace," are true indeed.

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Angel Face compact is so silky fine it smoothes on with a feather-light touch. No blotching. No caking. And no more shiny noses! Your skin looks fresh and lovely... for hours.
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Angel Face
The light touch in the right shade.
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It is impossible to describe fully the joy that comes upon one on seeing fellow men from France, Australia, England, Austria and other far flung corners of the globe working lovingly and conscientiously in the home for the dying in Kalighat, Calcutta, or bumping into a group of French medical students who have taken a sabbatical from medical school for a year to work in Mother's dispensary in Sealdah station.

One is filled with wonder at the brotherhood that makes a normal Italian couple adopt an Indian baby whom the sisters picked up off the streets of Calcutta and nursed back to health.

"We decided first to adopt a baby and then have one of our own since there are so many children already in the world deprived of love and belonging. What does it matter if you didn't make it yourself?" Brave and beautiful emotions Mr. and Mrs. Fellacini. Good luck and God bless you.

Rubbing shoulders with Mother and the Missionaries of Charity one lives in a different world — a world where there is brotherhood between man and man; where shopkeepers give discounts on goods bought if it is for the Missionaries of Charity, where little boys save their daily quota of sugar to hand over to Mother, where the woman who hasn't eaten for a week gives half the food she receives to her neighbours, for she knows they are also hungry.

Isn't it amazing what a heart full of God and love can do?

Pictures by R. J. Chinwalla

WITH THANKS, TO MOTHER TERESA

Continued from page 11

born. If the child is unwanted by the mother, let us arrange for the adoption of the child."

"Let us fight abortion with adoption!" is the fervent plea of this apostle of compassion, who is happy that many Indian families too are coming to her for adopting children from her various Shishu Bhavans.

"I love India and the strong faith in God seen in India," says Mother, who even chose a photograph for me because she looked very Indian in that. Mother said she has respect for the deep faith in God and the country found even among the poorest of the poor and that is why she always arranges for the last rites of the people, dying at Nirmal Hriday, in the manner they desire, according to their religion.

During a tea break, at an International Women's Conference, I was with Mother Teresa when a German lady brought some photographs and showed them to her. The pictures were those of the stained glass windows of a church in Europe portraying varlous Christian saints. This included a portrait of Mother described as a living saint in the legend.

Mother was her same humble, serene self as she looked at her portrait. "Is it good?" she asked and then went on to talk to the lady about the church, the parish, the service projects by the women there and so on. There was neither joy nor embarrassment, but just plain acceptance of her being engraved on a church window, and her hands went to her rosary hanging from her waist.

I have often seen Mother taking her rosary — to Jesus — to derive inspiration and strength. For, to her all she does is "the will of God." She is but a small instrument in His hands, "a little pencil He uses to write." That is why she always starts the day with prayers, ends the day with prayers and spends the day in prayers through purity of service to the poorest of the poor.

EVE'S WEEKLY-SHRI AMBICA MILLS

SUPER BEAUTY CONTESTS,

CALCUTTA

The opulent ballroom of the Oberoi-Grand was the venue of the Beauty Contest and Fashion Show organised by **Eve's Weekly** in association with **Shri Ambica Mills.** With Ambiqueens and Ambiprincesses already selected at Bangalore, Madras and Hyderabad, excitement ran high for the Calcutta contest.

A select turn-out of contestants paraded for the two coveted titles. The contest — and the gorgeous Fashion Show specially "imported" from Bombay — took place in the presence of the Chief Guest, **Mr. Bharat Hari Singhania,** President, Indian Chamber of Commerce, Calcutta.

The formidable Panel of Judges included **Mr. Mihir Roy,** Sheriff of Calcutta, **Mr. Amitabha Ghosh,** Chairman, Allahabad Bank, **Mrs. Urmila Kanoria, Mrs Sushila Devi Goenka** and **Mrs. Gulshan Ewing,** Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star and Style. Presiding over the Panel was the Hon'ble Justice **Mrs. Padma Khastagir,** Judge of the Calcutta High Court.

Bright and bouncy **Kiran Bindra** was selected **Ambiqueen,** while the pert and attractive **Anasuya Guha Thakurta** was adjudged **Ambiprincess.** The respective Runner-up were Romola Nath and Vandana Hingorani. The two winners were crowned by the Chief Guest who also handed them cash prizes and gifts. The hairstyles of the Beauty contestants were executed by **Sudha Bibra Beauty Parlour** of Calcutta.

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The discerning audiences of Calcutta gave sustained applause to this glamorous event and showed its appreciation also for the fabulous **Ambiscope** fashion show, which accompanied the Contest.

DELHI

It was, indeed, a Capital Show! Ashoka Hotel's mammoth Convention Hall was the venue, and for the Preliminary Selections in the morning, a grand turn-out of pretty girls gladdened the eye. Selecting the winners was a most difficult task and after much deliberation, the verdict was out: lovely **Shunalini Singh** was **Ambiqueen** and charming **Sonu Singh** became **Ambiprincess.** The Runners-up were Nancy Chopra and Jyotsana Malhan, respectively. All the contestants looked utterly devastating with their hairstyles specially done by **Lakme** at Ashoka and **Beauty Club** at Jor Bagh.

The judges for the Delhi contest were: the Hon'ble Justice **Mrs. Leila Seth,** Judge of the Delhi High Court, His Excellency

1. **Kiran Bindra, Ambiqueen**

2. **Anasuya Guha Thakurta, Ambiprincess**

3. **The Chief Guest, Mr. B. Singhania presents cheque to Ambiqueen. At extreme left is Mr. Mrugesh Harivallabhdas, Mg. Dir., Shri Ambica Mills.**

4. **Calcutta Judges. (R to L): Mr. Mihir Roy, Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Mr. Amitabha Ghosh, Mrs. Padma Khastagir, Mrs. Urmila Kanoria and Mrs. Sushila Devi Goenka.**

4

FABULOUS FASHION SHOWS

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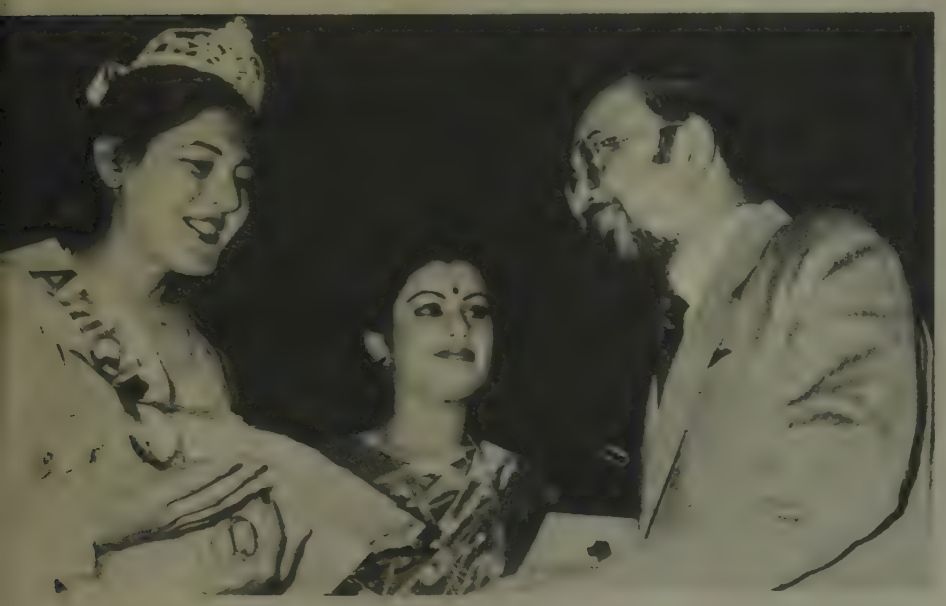

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5. **Shunalini Singh, Ambiqueen**

6. **Sonu Singh, Ambiprincess**

7. **Mr. M. Harivallabhdas presented bouquets to the Winners and Runners-Up.**

8. **The Chief Guest with the Ambiqueen, Ambiprincess and the Runners-up.**

Chief Guest to the stage, along with **Mr. J. C. Jain,** Publisher and Chief Executive of Eve's Weekly Ltd., presented bouquets to the Winners and the Runners-up.

A very distinguished and elegant audience attended this Beauty-cum-Fashion Show at the Ashoka Convention Hall, among them being **Mr. S. N. Misra,** Union Minister of Foreign Affairs and **Mr. Dinesh Singh.**

. The entire audience gave a rousing ovation to the slick and fabulous **Ambiscope** Fashion show produced and directed by Shanti Chopra and choreographed by Sangeeta Chopra. This Fashion Show also toured **Kanpur** and **Amritsar** and was much admired at both these centres.

After this, there will be Ahmedabad, Baroda and Bombay (regional and final contests).

The all-India final Beauty Contest will be held in Bombay's Shanmukhananda Hall on December 12. All the regional winners from seven centres — 14 in all — will vie for the title of **Miss India** and **Miss Young India.** They will all stay at **Oberoi-Towers, India's Renowned and Bombay's Most Magnificent Hotel.** The two lucky girls who win the titles will be showered with big cash prizes and fantastic, expensive gifts and will participate as India's representatives at the **Miss International 1980** and **Miss Young International 1980 in Japan.**

Miss India will fly to Japan by courtesy of **Air-India.** Miss Young India will also have a free trip to Japan, courtesy of the Sponsors.

The cash prizes and gifts given to the winners and the runners-up at all the Regional Shows and at the Final Contest, amount to over Rs. 70,000. In addition, Shri Ambica Mills will present fabulous wardrobes to Miss India, Miss Young India and their Runners-up.

Mr. A. Nikolaidis, High Commissioner for Cyprus, **Mr. R. Ramakrishna,** Joint Secretary, Department of Industrial Development, **Mr. P. B. Mathur,** General Manager, Ashoka Hotel and **Mrs. Gulshan Ewing,** Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star and Style.

The glittering function was presided over by **Mr. K. N. Modi,** the well-known industrialist. The **Chief Guest** was His Excellency **Mr. Masao Kanazawa,** the Japanese Ambassador, who crowned the Ambiqueen and Ambiprincess and gave away the cash prizes and gifts. **Mr. Mrugesh Harivallabhdas,** Mg. Director of Shri Ambica Mills, who escorted the

You'll make an attractive Air hostess but...

I WAS SO KEEN ON THE AIR HOSTESS JOB. EAGERLY I SET OFF FOR MY FIRST INTERVIEW
YOU'RE RIGHT FOR THE JOB AND ATTRACTIVE TOO, BUT UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN!
SHE WAS RIGHT. WHY DID MY SKIN HAVE TO LOOK SO DULL AND LIFELESS
WHEN MY AIR HOSTESS FRIEND HEARD -
LISTEN MEENA, I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED BEFORE YOUR FINAL INTERVIEW-ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK
IF YOU CLEANSE YOUR SKIN REGULARLY WITH ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK ITS DULLNESS WILL CLEAR
LOOK HOW IT REMOVES THE STALE MAKE-UP AND HIDDEN DIRT THAT SOAP DOESN'T WASH AWAY. NATURALLY YOUR SKIN LOOKS GLOWING AND FRESH.
I USED ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK EVERY NIGHT UNTIL I WENT FOR MY FINAL INTERVIEW
CONGRATULATIONS, THE JOB IS YOURS. AND REALLY WHAT A MARVELLOUS DIFFERENCE IN YOUR SKIN!
IT'S HARD WORK BEING AN AIR HOSTESS - BUT LOTS OF FUN TOO. THANK YOU ANNE FRENCH FOR A LOVELY COMPLEXION - FOR EVERYTHING.
Anne French
DEEP CLEANSING MILK

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Anne French **Deep Cleansing Milk for a clear, lovely skin.**

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for falling hair

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Available at all leading stores throughout India & Abroad

The mother-child relationship is paradoxical and, in a sense, tragic. It requires the most intense love on the mother's side, yet this very love must help the child grow away from the mother, and to become fully independent.

Erich Fromm

A mother spends the first fifteen years teaching her son to be a man; the son spends the next fifteen years teaching his mother that he is.

F. S.

Judicious mothers will always keep in mind that they are the first book read, and the last put aside, in every child's library.

C. Lenox Remond

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT MOTHERS

The modern mother — cook, chauffeur, maid, nurse, and household manager — is the invention of necessity.

C. T.

A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

The Holy Bible

The Mother weeps
At that white funeral of the single life,
Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of pain.

Alfred Tennyson

A mother who is really a mother is never free.

Honore De Balzac

No man is poor who has had a godly mother.

Abraham Lincoln

A motherless son is a fish in low water.

Burmese Proverb

Who takes the child by the hand, takes the mother by the heart.

Danish Proverb

I wonder where mothers learn all the things they tell their daughters not to do.

Eddie Cantor

David Gunston

FRANKLY SPEAKING

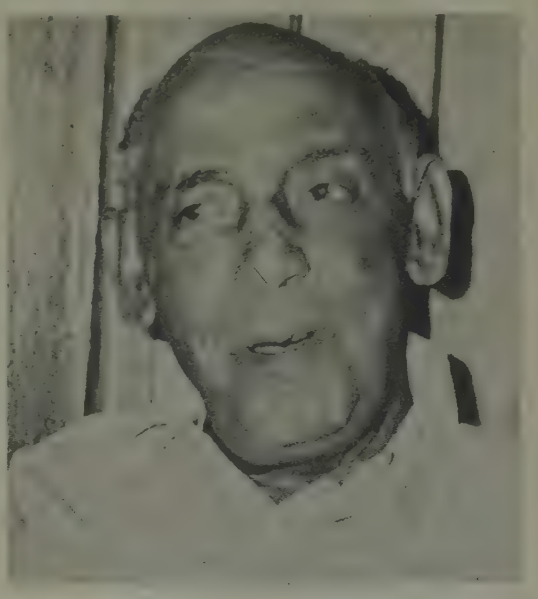
Devi

MOURNERS-IN-WAITING

At weddings it is not impossible but difficult to gatecrash, as you might be detected by either party if not by the bride and groom themselves. But funerals are safe. At star funerals you witness a maximum crowd of gatecrashers and ac quaintances trying to establish familiarity. After all, the dead cannot wake up to disown you.

At Sanjeev's mother's funeral, filmfolks and waiting-to-be-discov ered folks wasted no time in falling all over Sanjeev and crying more than he. Shabana, Vidya Sinha and Jayashree T. were the chief mourners in white. Shabana even turned an apprentice nurse, pushing pills down Sanjeev's throat. But Mehmood's brothers, some twenty days after the funeral, were still busy giving funeral hazri to Sanjeev on the sets. Said Anwar Ali to Sanjeev, "Our family had come daily to see you, even our women, they were sitting with your bhabhi, so maybe you did not notice them."

Said Sanjeev, "Oh, they were your family were they?..." What social climbing over the dead!



Writer-lyricist Rajinder Krishan has been around in my very city of Bombay, before the jackpot, during the jackpot, and after the jackpot, but I had never really met him. We had heard so much about each other of course, mostly all bad things, that we believed we knew each other well. Of all places, we opened our account of acquaintanceship in Delhi. He was there for a family wedding and a "dekho" of his grandchildren. I was in Delhi to swallow loads of dust and supply blood to the mosquitoes. After all the bad things we had heard about each other, it was but natural that we should find each other nice.

His jackpot money is all spent, but Rajinder Krishna has retained his sense of humour, and when folks around him told me tales of his high price and his power to choose the entire cast for the films made by Madras tycoons, Rajinder just grinned and said, "We in those days did not talk about our power, etc."

I feel what they lacked then was a Devi. After all, I started bringing in more names than mere stars into my column and gave writers star status, star ego and star moods.

Box-office figures do not reveal to the public the off-screen power of the writer, which Salim-Javed and Kamleshwar claim today.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Mr. S.K. Wankhede, President, and Mr. Shyam Kumar Shrivastav, Chairman, of Sur Singar Samsad held a special convocation at the Birla Kreeda Kendra, when the Raseshward Award and Nritya Vilas titles were conferred on film stars Raj Kapoor and Hema Malini by Mr. V.S. Page, Chancellor, Sangeet Peeth.

Mr. Raja Chimbulkar, Mayor of Bombay, presided over the function which was inaugurated by Mr. V. P. Patil, Minister of State for Cultural Affairs. Mr. Ram Batra, Sheriff of Bombay, was the chief guest.

Mr. P. Jairaj, hero and character actor, was felicitated by Mr. Kantikumar R. Podar on his golden jubilee.

• • •

Blow Plast Limited, the makers of V.I.P. luggage, recently opened their new showroom, "V.I.P. Circuit" at the World Trade Centre. Simultaneously an exclusive new range of fine leather luggage, the V.I.P. Solitaire, was launched. The range includes executive cases, week-end cases, carry-ons and vanity cases. Each item comes in a beautifully designed protective carton. The range, priced between Rs. 600 and Rs. 1,275 will soon be available at select retail shops throughout the country.

At the inauguration function held at the Oberoi Towers, Sunil Gavaskar, who was the guest of honour, received the first piece of the V.I.P. Solitaire. Blow Plast Ltd., which represents several small-scale manufacturers also, has 20 branches in the country.

• • •

An exhibition of paintings by Swarn was held at the Aakar Art Gallery. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mr. Soli Batlivala, Trustee, Bhulabhai Memorial Institute. The paintings depict nature and varied forms of rustic life. The artist has received her training from Prof. Jayant Sidhpura, a lecturer at S.N.D.T.

• • •

On the occasion of the International Year of the Child and the Child Welfare Week, the Leo Club of Bombay Vakola held an on-the-spot art competition at the St. Charles High School, Vakola. The competition was organised for school children in the age groups of six to 18 studying in and around the Vakola area.

DELHI

The non-governmental organisations of Delhi hosted a reception in honour of the delegates of the ESCAP Regional Preparatory Conference for the World Conference of the United Nations Decade for Women, at the premises of the All India Women's Conference. After dinner a performance of classical and Indian folk dances was held.

• • •

Sunita Mathur and Benu Gupta's "Beauty Club" was recently opened by Dimple Khanna. The Club lays emphasis on "relaxation" and is surrounded by peaceful gardens.

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1. Zonta Club of Bombay 11 celebrated the 60th birthday of Zonta International with a party for destitute children from Snehasadan. Seen (from left) are Dr. Khorshed Madon, President, and Mrs. Mitha Shroff, Area Director.

2. His Excellency Mr. Masao Kanazawa, Ambassador for Japan (2nd from left) was the Chief Guest at the Beauty Contest and Fashion Show organised in Delhi, by Eve's Weekly and Shri Ambica Mills. Mr. K. N. Modi (ext. right) presided over the function. Also seen are Mrs. Kanazawa, Mr. Mrugesh Harivallabhdas, Mg. Dir., Shri Ambica Mills, and Mrs. Harivallabhdas.

3. Dimple Khanna inaugurated the "Beauty Club" started by Benu Gupta and Sunita Mathur (at right) in Delhi, recently.

4. At the Fashion Fare held recently at Hotel President, Bombay, beauty demonstrations were held by Maxfactor. Mrs. Ranju Desai is seen here with a model.

4

Kishori Kaul, who started painting at the age of 13, has held countless exhibitions of her work in the country and abroad. In U.K. alone, she had 16 individual exhibitions. Her paintings show a deep involvement with colour. Her recent exhibition at the Rabindra Bhawan drew a large number of art lovers.

* * *

CALCUTTA

The National Indian Association of Women presented a musical dance programme based on three poems of Tagore, "Pujarini", "Horikhela" and "Abhisar".

* * *

Sangeetik presented Subinoy Roy, the noted singer, in a recital of Tagore songs at the Academy of Fine Arts.

* * *

The Year of the Child was celebrated by the Lutherian World Service with the opening of a creche for destitute children. It was inaugurated by Nirupama Chatterjee, Minister for Social Welfare. The Director of the Lutherian World Service, Dr. Olav Hodne, the Deputy Director, Mr. Bannerjee, and Mrs. Hodne, spoke on the work done by the L.W.S. for the pavement dwellers and the bustee children of West Bengal. Dr. Martik Catchetoor Medical Officer, related the success of their free dispensary and clinic. 25,000 patients were treated this year at the Entally clinic.

* * *

An exhibition of old engravings was held at the Academy of Fine Arts constituting a series on Varanasi. Most of these engravings dated back to the 19th century and among the artists represented were the Daniell brothers, William and Thanes, James Princep and Hodges.

MADRAS

The First Annual Conference of the Indane Distributors' Association (Southern Region) was held at the Hotel Connemara recently. Mr. Aravinda Bala Pazhanoor, Minister for Petroleum, Union Government, presented the inaugural address. The seminar was a lively one with the participation of consumers and a discussion of their problems. Dr. Mathangi Ramakrishnan, with the help of slides, discussed the problems of burns caused by the careless use of cooking gas.

LUCKNOW

A three day old state wide camp organised by the Bharatiya Shiksha Samiti provided an impressive array of PT drills, cultural programmes and other camp activities. Over 5,000 boys participated in the camp, during the course of which a temporary township was set up at Begum Hazrat Mahal Park, which was decorated with eye-catching potraits of Indian leaders and saints.

* * *

To celebrate Children's day the UP Council of Child Welfare held a week long programme at Motimahal. A variety of items were included in a series of competitions and shows.

HYDERABAD

The University College for Women held their annual sports day function. The girls displayed great sportsmanship and it was heartening to see the number of girls taking part in athletics. The Hyderabad Women's Cricket Association has also been formed and Miss Kausar Ali of Women's College was nominated Captain.

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5. At the Beauty Contest and Fashion Show organised by Eve's Weekly and Shri Ambica Mills in Calcutta, Mr. Bharat Hari Singhania, President, Indian Chamber of Commerce (centre) was the Chief Guest. Seen with him are (extreme left) Mr. J. C. Jain, Publisher and Chief Executive, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Mr. M. Harivallabhdas, Mg. Dir., Shri Ambica Mills; Kiran Bindra, Ambiqueen; Romola Nath, runner-up; Anasuya Guha Thakurta, Ambiprincess; Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style; and Vandana Hingorani, runner-up.

6. Mrs. Varalakshmi Bashaym, Treasurer, Indane Distributors Association, (southern region) presents a bouquet to Mr. Aravinda Bala Pazhanoor, Minister for Petroleum, on the occasion of their first annual conference at the Hotel Connemara in Madras.

7. Mrs. Gita Verma, President of the Regional Air Force Wives' Welfare Association, presenting a sewing machine to the widow of an airman at a Family Welfare function held at the Air Force Station, Tambaram.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK DEC. 9 — 15, 1979

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

What you decide and do this year will have lo ng-lasting effects on your affairs and fortunes. Don't undertake responsibilities which may fru strate your own ambitions. Also, go carefully into the financial costing of anything you take on, allowing a good margin for unexpected contingencies. This is not meant to discoura ge you. It is a year of great progress and achievement if your policies are sensible. You are a little careless, inclined to chance your luck a little too far sometimes. Temper your adven turous spirit with caution, particularly around mid-1980. Avoid people you feel will be a drain on your emotions; try not to get involved in "off-beat" relationships. Ardent stars will affect you this year — push them in the right directions.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — April 20)

Keep an eye on what's going on around you. More than one worthwhile opening is indicated over the next few months. Socially, life should be lively and amusing. A lucky time for money matters.

TAURUS

(April 21 — May 21)

Mercury moves out of adverse position to your sign and the atmosphere will be less confusing. Mars favours your love life and you find life enjoyable. If single, make new scenes and activities.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

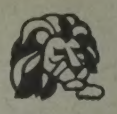
Mercury, your ruler, moves back into opposition to your sign, so you'll be a little disorganised until the end of 1979. If you have a new job — or romance — on your hands, be tactful and avoid minor misunderstandings. Early January brings more tranquillity.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

If you lack something at present, look ahead with pleasurable anticipation. If unattached, a love affair could sweep you off your feet soon! However, some difficulties in personal relationships at present with people hard to please.

LEO



(July 24 — Aug. 23)

Go all out to enjoy yourself socially, remembering that people you meet in a friendly atmosphere will be useful to your material plans too. Proof of affection from loved ones, generous treatment from friends and relatives and extra cash too.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

You'll be blessed with extra energy and enthusiasm to make the most of your chances. Meetings this week will be important to both business and personal life. You are probably working hard, but efforts will pay off handsomely.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

You are either planning a journey or one will occur suddenly. Incoming news will make you feel you can go ahead with a slightly risky scheme. You should be feeling more secure about your financial future.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

The social scene and communication are well starred. The unexpected, the new will be fortunate for you, so be a little more adventurous. Go along with changes desired by other members of the family, colleagues and friends. Good week for money matters.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

If you are not finding life easy, then you are not making the most of your chances. You are in a lucky phase and, if heart-free, a new relationship may begin. Short journeys, trips and visits, interviews and friendly meetings produce good results.

CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

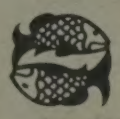
Good news is on the way. Be alert to opportunities. A series of useful transits is now moving through your sign, beginning with Venus, at present in Capricorn. Complete routine jobs and visits; you'll be very busy a little later on.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Your worldly ambitions, friendships and social activity are favourably affected. Really, everything looks splendid for you after recent troubled times, so plan ahead. This week brings a happy meeting, also an unexpected invitation which could take you into fresh surroundings.

PISCES



(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Life is not easy-going so don't take on the problems and errands of others. Both personal and working life will contain irritations; unexpected difficulties, people eager to pick a quarrel. Guard against nervous tension.

EVE TODAY

Continued from page 23

(according to Mathuram) is the feminine aspect that dwells in every man. How this aspect influences Rama to be less involved in achievement and more in the on-going process of creativeness, is an enthralling part of the myth.

"We see at the same time how men are afraid of being dominated by women. Rama is so afraid. Why? The **ardhanari** (half man, half woman — Shiva-Sakthi) concept of man is complete here. For, says Valmiki, while talking of the young royal couple, 'heart speaks to heart, mind reads mind.'"

In the everyday sense, this facet leads Mathuram to think that "women remind men of the Sita in them, of their own feminity, inner softness and frailty. Trying to control them is only part of the struggle to ward off this unconscious softness within." Thus, Dasaratha is the tired old ego who is swallowed up by his own feminine shadow aspect.

The whole purpose of this unconventional interpretation is to highlight the fact that Rama is the ego consciousness within each Indian. "The shadows that plague us are self-doubt, envy, fear of public censure and deceptive egotism — all of which assail the best of us. The question is: would we be able to liberate ourselves even as Rama did and utilize the energy thus released to create, as he did?"

Negatively, "Rama as a perfect king and human being, becomes a cardboard figure. For, perfection leads to immobility. The result is that in trying to imitate Rama the Perfect, we try to be more good than we really are. We all want to show complete goodness, and to this end strive to become egoless."

Arising from this, Mathuram makes an interesting observation. "I have long been concerned with the nature of our national character. Indians are capable; Indians are efficient. But still we are not able to run our country as it should be run. We have been independent for over 30 years, but still live from crisis to crisis — whether it be food, clothing housing or health. I feel the root cause of our national failure is the preaching of egolessness, the basis of all our epics."

Egolessness is a negative force, she says, which has "destroyed our sense of pride in wanting to achieve individually and collectively." And legitimate ego is necessary to make a nation great, as has been proved in America, Japan and China."

Gabbar ki asli pasand

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